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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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Louise
Princesse de France

The youngest sister of the Queen of Portugal, and a Roman Catholic Princess, who is most frequently spoken of as probable future Queen of Spain

No. 103.—Vol VIII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS. THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats. Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 8.15 (doors open 8), THE BUGLE CALL, Mlle. Adeline Genee, Premiere Danseuse, ROGUES AND VAGABONDS, A REVUE, Excerpt from MADAME SHERRY. Supported by Specially Selected Varieties. MATINÉE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15. — Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW FICTION

"Who Was Lady Thurne?" By Florence Warden. (Long: 6s.)

"The Resurrection of Cynthia Day." By F. M. Kingsley. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

"The Labourer's Comedy." By Mrs. Rawson. (Constable: 6s.)

"The Irony of Fate." By Muriel Crosse. (Greening: 3s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Salt of My Life." By F. G. Aflalo, F.G.S. (Pitman: 7s. 6d. net.)

"What is the Matter with Our Army." By W. S. Gainsford. (Routledge: 1s.)

"Figure Ska ing." By H. R. Yglesias. (Routledge: 1s.)

"Poetical Works of Cowper." (Oxford Edition.) Edited by H. S. Milford, R.A. (Henry Frowde: 2s.)

"Poems of Robert Browning." (Oxford Edition.) (Henry Frowde: 2s.)

"British East Africa: Past, Present and Future." By Lord Hindlip, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Prayers." By Robert Louis Stevenson. (Chatto and Windus: 1s. net.)

"Gulliver's Travels." (York Library Edition.) (Bell: 2s. net.)

"The Better Way." By Chas. Wagner. (Pitman: 1s. net.)

"Thomas Gainsborough." By William B. Boulton. (Methuen: 7s. 6d.)

"The Riviera." By S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Friendly Town." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen: 5s.)

"English Furniture." By F. S. Robinson. (Methuen: 25s. net.)

"Real Ghost Stories." By W. T. Stead. New Edition. (*Review of Reviews*' Office: 1s. net.)

"Captain John Smith." By A. S. Bradley. English Men of Action Series. (Macmillan: 2s. 6d.)

"The Horrors of Sport." By Lady Florence Dixie. New Edition. (A. C. Fifield: 3/.)

"Louis Wain's Annual." (P. S. King: 1s. net.)

"Burma." By R. Talbot Kelly. (Black: 20s. net.)

"Folk-Songs from Somerset." By C. J. Shapp and C. L. Marson. Second series. (Simpkin: 5s. net.)

"Rembrandt." By Mortimer Menpes. (Black: 12s. 6d. net.)

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

"Kings of the Forest." Illustrated by Stanley Berkeley. (Dean: 5s.)

"Andy." By Lucile Lovell. (Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.)

"For Muriel's Sake." By L. E. Jackson. (Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.)

"The Sauciest Boy in the Service." By Gordon Stables. (Ward, Lock: 5s.)

"The Vinland Champions." By Ottilie A. Liljencratz. (Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.)

"The Wonder Book." Edited by Harry Golding. (Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.)

Random Jottings

Although we have not hitherto made a special feature in our columns of "Modes for Monarchs," we are not above giving a few hints where we think they may be of use. Consequently, we are gratified to observe that a ruler of considerable originality, perhaps the most original ruler that ever ruled, has taken a suggestion of ours and acted upon it. In THE BYSTANDER of February 8 last, immediately after the discovery that the Kaiser was descended from Admiral de Coligny, there appeared a lyrical exhortation, part of which ran as follows:—

Alsace, pack away your mourning,
Dry your tears, fair Lorraine;
Since the Kaiser is a Frenchman
You may lift your heads again.

Wilhelm he will be no longer;
Sentiment, of course, requires
That he sign his name as "Guillaume"
When he favours you with wires!

Note the sequel! In the *Berliner Tageblatt* of a few days ago it was announced that "a telegram of condolence, which the German Emperor sent to the President of the Legislative Assembly of Alsace-Lorraine, was couched in French, and signed 'Guillaume.'" So far, however, we have received no acknowledgment.

Norway's new Queen in National dress

Princess Maud, who now becomes Queen of Norway, is the youngest daughter of King Edward, and is noted for her charm of manner and gaiety of disposition. The above photograph shows Her Majesty in the costume of a Hardanger woman, taken some years ago

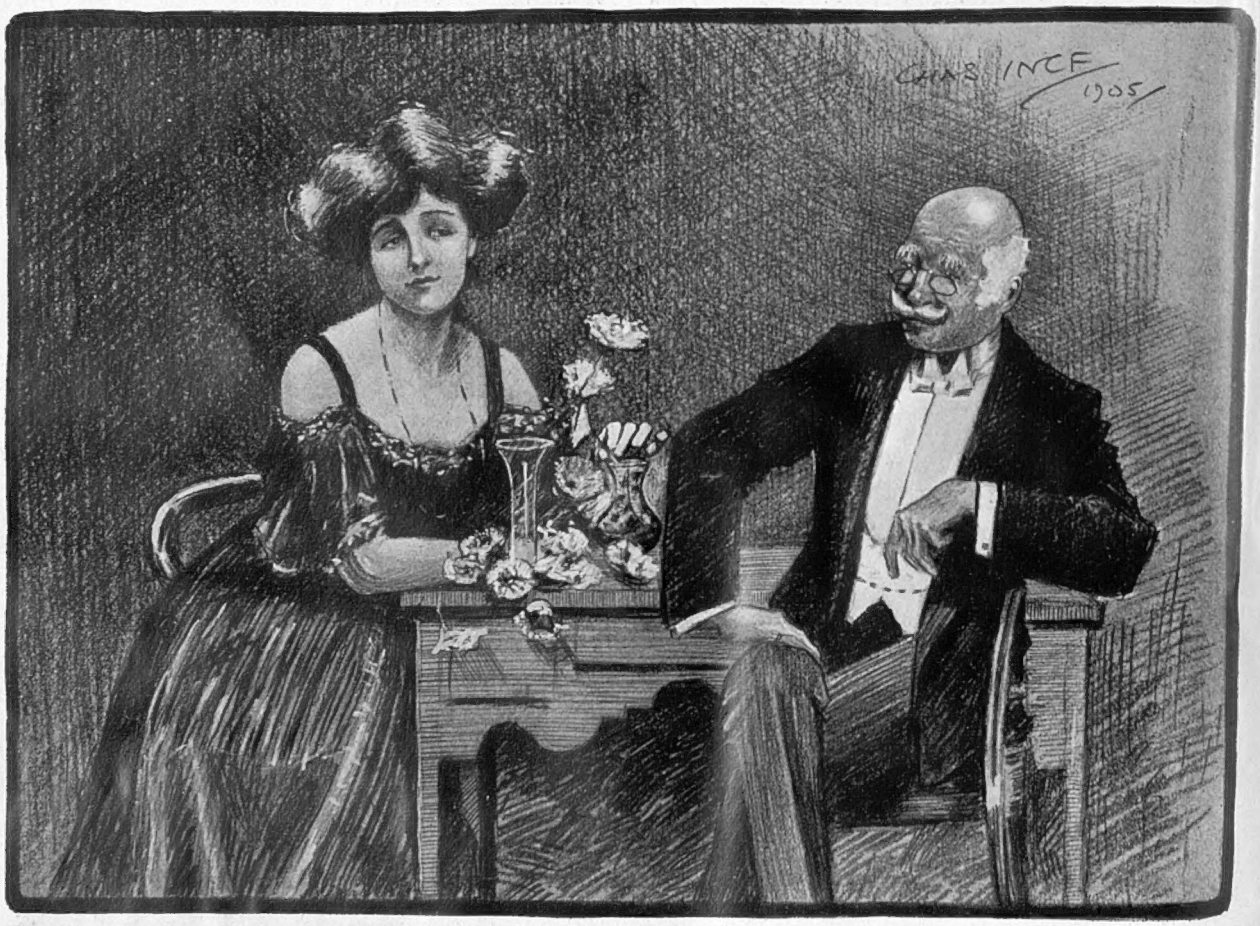
Londoners will have to bestir themselves, if they do not wish the Metropolis to degenerate into a garden city. The general exodus is becoming alarming. Yarrow and Co. have announced their intended departure; Bryant and May's are—so to speak—packing; and now there is some talk of the Great Eastern shifting their London works. There will soon be nothing left for American visitors to see, except the Zoo, and the Tower, and Westminster Abbey, and the L.C.C. steamers. There will soon be nothing left for Londoners to do, which is even more serious. The rates are at fault in all these instances. They are too high—so I am told, at least. If all ratepayers would decline to pay the present high rates, we should be able, I understand, to retain Yarrow's, and Bryant and May's, and the Great Eastern, and live happily for ever after. It sounds simple enough. But rates are funny things. So are ratepayers. So are the people who arrange the rates and spend them. Their critics are also amusing.

The crusade in favour of hats which was conducted in the summer by a Cornish rector is bearing fruit, and I see that our ladies are shortly to be arrayed in positively sky-scraping hats. If these coming hats at all resemble the picture of them recently shown in a contemporary, the risks from overhead wires will have to be seriously considered, underground travelling will be rendered impossible, and matinées quite out of the question. No doubt these trials will, however, be endured with the patience that comes so natural to women of fashion. The real difficulty will come when the husband whose wife has purchased such a hat is asked to build a little tower to store the hat in. Building is such a poor investment.

"Some old-fashioned critics," says Lord Montagu, in the *Car*, "may think it *infra dignitatem* for a peer to edit and work at newspapers and publishing. But I am not ashamed." This is a naïve and charming confession, and there can be no doubt that Lord Montagu meant it very nicely. But from a journalist's point of view, the critics referred to are so very, very old-fashioned that they are hardly worth talking about, and the confession would have read more agreeably if it had been turned the other way about. The truth is, of course, that it is not necessarily *infra dignitatem* for an editor to become a peer, especially when he cannot very well help it, as in

Lord Montagu's case. As long as he continues to be a good journalist, few people will taunt him with his peerage. Probably, indeed, they will trouble very little about it, even if they go so far as to be aware of it. For, after all, what does it matter to readers of a paper whether its editor is a peer or not, provided he is a good editor? There are so many peers, and so few good editors. Lord Montagu has already proved himself to be among the latter, so that he is quite justified in not being ashamed, and journalists will unite in hoping that the name he has already won for himself will not be extinguished by the necessity he is under of changing it.

Queen Alexandra's cheque for £2,000 in aid of the unemployed has touched the purse of the British public like a magic wand, and, at least, a start to relieve a terrible situation is made. Everyone knows that charity is but a stop-gap, but it is the only immediate solution of the problem when men and, what appeals with even greater force to the Queen's heart, their wives and children are on the brink of starvation. The Queen's philanthropy is a by-word to the nation, but of her private charity very little, naturally, is heard. Every day the Queen receives an enormous mail, and, when she is in residence at Buckingham Palace especially, a goodly part of this mail consists of begging letters—genuine and otherwise. Everyone of these she opens herself and reads, and selecting those which appear to her to be both genuine and deserving, she passes them on to her chaplain to investigate before she sends the asked-for relief. The Royal charity, however, sometimes outweighs the Royal discretion, and once Her Majesty's heart is deeply touched and her mind made up, it is almost impossible to influence her. Some time ago she received a piteous letter from a woman in the East End of London, something which immediately made successful appeal to the Royal sympathy. The Queen sent for her chaplain, and informed him that she intended to send the woman £10. She wished to send the money right away, without even troubling to have the usual inquiries as to the genuineness of the woman's story made. Her chaplain, however, persuaded her to allow him at least to make a cursory investigation into the case, and he at once wired to the vicar of the begging-letter writer's parish asking for a verification of the woman's tale of woe. A reply came by return, and to the effect that the woman was a well-known fraud, and an adept at her sorry trade of imposing on the charity of the tender-hearted. The chaplain took the telegram at once to the Queen, intimating that, of course, Her Majesty would rescind her decision of sending £10; but, oh, the refreshing uncertainty of woman! the Queen merely said, "Very well, I will send her £5." And send it she did.



HE: "What do you think of the engagement between Miss de Venture and young De Ritch? She must be forty, and he's quite a boy"

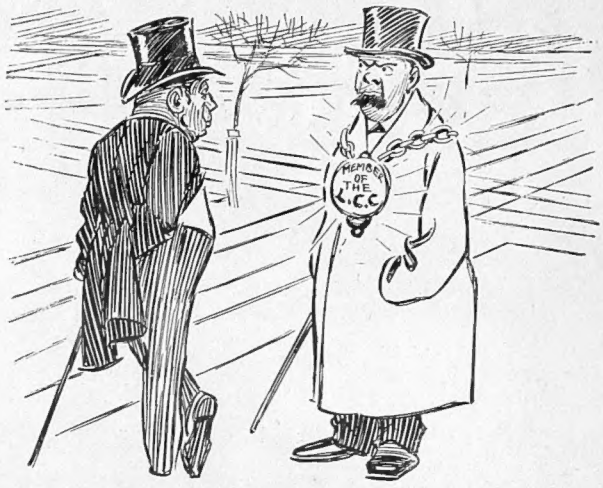
SHE: "Words fail to express it!"

HE: "What about kidnapping?"

DRAWN BY CHARLES INCE

The Topictator

"GET out!"

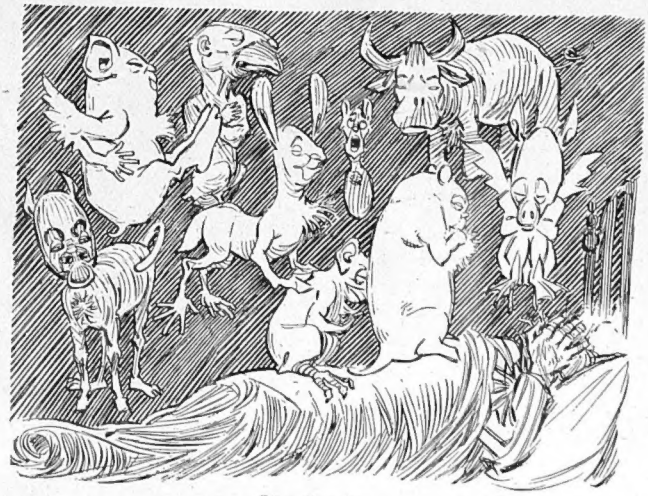


A glimpse into the future

"Angry? I am, sir, and rightly! Parliament has had the audacity to refuse to allow us to run a tram-line along the Mall!!"

Queen Alexandra and the Unemployed

"I was thinking of these, Mr. Bull"



The Gazeka

(Mr. George Edwardes is offering a prize of five guineas for the best drawing of the "Gazeka," an animal which exists at present only in the brain of Mr. George Graves, General des Ifs in "The Little Michus")

Probable effect on General des Ifs of judging the drawings of his now famous beast

King Football

(Mr. Justice Grantham recently adjourned a case to allow the principal witness to take part in a football match)

"Certainly. Of course. This way, Mr. Jackson. Allow me to conduct you. Without, there! tipstaves, Mr. Jackson's motor, quick!!"

Sport of the Past Week

By H. S. SCRIVENER

The Rugby International at Inverleith

It was very nearly a case of "*Blacks* wha hae w' Wallace bled" in Scotland on Saturday, but in the end Wallace and his men just managed to maintain their unbeaten record. It seems to have been the old story of superior pace and attacking power which in the end prevailed, as it must, even against the most magnificent defence. All the same, Scotland has given the New Zealanders the hardest game they have had so far, and has proved that if our clubs and counties can't hold them, one at least of our International teams can do so. But the chances of England on December 2 don't look exactly rosy.

O.M.T.'s v. Guy's

In the Old Deer Park the game between the Old Merchant Taylors and Guy's had to be stopped about seven minutes before time owing to the darkness. Raphael was playing for the Old Boys, and Morgan and McEvedy for Guy's; but the game was mainly a forward one, and here the Old Boys had the pull, Bourns and Burnege being always to the fore in the rushes. One of these ended in a try to Bourns before half-time, and Raphael also placed a fine penalty goal from near the touch-line, while in the second half Barrett added to the O.M.T. score after a good run. Pinching was, on the whole, the most useful man on the losing side; and a word of praise is due to Reeves, the O.M.T. full-back, for his safety in defence.

New Zealand v. Scotland: Reaching for the ball

Scotland, defeated by 12 points to 7, gave the Colonials the toughest fight they have had on the whole tour

Scottish v. Cambridge

The most noticeable thing about the London Scottish *v.* Cambridge match (so far as anything could be noticed at all in the gloom which enveloped Richmond on Saturday) was the vigour and pertinacity of the Scottish forwards, and the cleverness of their halves as compared with the opposite couple. J. W. Arthur must either be a very difficult man to stop, or else the Cambridge tackling was somewhat at fault, for he several times dodged through the thick of his opponents in a way that looked quite wonderful, and the last try of the match was gained by him after a run of this kind. The best piece of play, from an onlooker's point of view, was Hosken's try for Cambridge, in which Penny and Hearson also had a hand; but their three-quarters did not get very many chances, mainly owing to the fact that the halves were mostly smothered before they could get the ball away, and that, when they did get it away, their passes were of the flurried order. The absence of the two McLeods, too, naturally made a difference. The play of the Cambridge forwards was somewhat disappointing.

The Chief Soccer Matches

The Oxford Soccer team were, perhaps, lucky to escape defeat from Ludgrove, for whom G. O. Smith, W. J. Oakley, C. Wreford Brown, B. O. Corbett, and several other eminent gentlemen were playing. The Masters had the best of it; but, thanks to the good goal-keeping of C. D. Lovegrove, their score was kept down, and a draw of 3-all was the result. Cambridge, on the other hand, with a weakened team, went down to Clapton by 3—0. The Corinthians paid the Navy the compliment of putting on a very warm side against them and beat them quite easily, 8—1: S. H. Day (3), B. S. Foster (2), Stanley Harris (2), and E. S. Ward being the scorers.

Lacrosse

There were two county matches in Saturday's lacrosse—Middlesex *v.* Kent, at Lord's, and Essex *v.* Surrey, at Snaresbrook. At Lord's Kent had the best of it for some time, and once in the

second half they held a 5—2 lead. Middlesex, however, played up finely towards the end, and managed ultimately to make a draw at 5-all. The other match was almost equally close. Essex led off with a couple of goals, but then Surrey put on four. At half-time it was 5-all, and in the end 11—9 in favour of Essex, for whom J. Knight, R. Cameron, and S. G. Hough were consistently good, while of the losers W. A. Fitzgerald and A. M. Young were the most useful.

Hockey

The 'Varsity Hockey teams did not fare quite as well on Saturday as one would have expected from their previous performances. Cambridge lost their unbeaten record at Southgate, where the home team, who are going very strong just now, managed to beat them by 2—0, while Oxford only succeeded in drawing with Old Rossalians. Hampstead beat the Hawks at Richmond after a rather dull game in which neither side showed to any great advantage, and Blackheath and Teddington piled up long scores against Wimbledon and Bromley respectively.

The Ladies' Hockey Matches at Surbiton and Beckenham

After winning the first two matches of their Southern tour —against Berkshire at Reading and against Middlesex at Ealing — the Gloucestershire ladies' hockey team were beaten somewhat easily by Surrey at Surbiton on Wednesday last by 7 goals to 1. As an interested spectator of the match, I did not know whether to admire most the remarkable pace, accuracy, and combination of the Surrey side, or the pluck and pertinacity of the losers, whereby they were enabled to hold their own during the last twenty minutes or so, and, after several determined attacks, to score their only goal. It soon became apparent in the first half that the Surrey forwards were too speedy for the opposing halves, and their score at half-time would have been about double what it was had it not been for the good defence of the Gloucester goalkeeper and of Miss Kelley, the International back. As it was, goals were scored by Miss Lane (centre), Miss Wilson, of lawn-tennis fame (inside left), and Miss K. Rodger (inside right) twice, Miss Rodger's first goal being a particularly fine shot. After change of ends, Miss Wilson, Miss Lane, and Miss Rodger put on three more, and then it commenced to rain most vilely. On the slippery ground Surrey seemed to lose something of their precision, and Gloucestershire not only kept them from scoring, but several times had them at bay, until at length, after some neat play by Miss Dickson and Miss Bell, who did best for Gloucester in the attacking department, the former scored. On the winning side, the forwards all did well, Miss Theed's pace on the right wing and Miss K. Rodger's quickness inside the circle being particularly noticeable, while Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Johnson at half were about equally useful, both in attack and defence. On Thursday, at Beckenham, Gloucestershire, who were without their renowned back, Miss Kelley, and lost their centre-half, Miss Atkins, owing to sudden indisposition, soon after half time, were beaten by Kent by 6—2. In a rather rough game, in which there was a good deal too much hard hitting on both sides, the scores would have been more even if it had not been for the fine saving of Miss Hurlbatt, the Kent goalkeeper.

The following excerpt from the Oxford Rowing Notes in a recent issue of one of the Sunday papers is quite worthy of resurrection:—"Apart from those who rowed in the trial, the President gave instructions to C. H. Sharp (Corpus), H. R. Lennox (Corpus), G. Etanger (Lincoln), and G. D. Sargent (All Souls), *the latter being a college that is very seldom represented on the river.*" To those who know the total number of undergraduate members of All Souls the rare perspicacity of the comment which I have italicised will appeal with an overwhelming force. I can almost picture the inspired writer puzzling his brains as to why All Souls does not put on an eight.

Ladies' Hockey: Gloucestershire v. Kent, at Beckenham

The Kent goalkeeper hard pressed

How to Beat the All-Blacks

(*With acknowledgments to five hundred experts*)

Can we beat the New Zealanders? I have been asked to give an opinion on this absorbing topic by several Internationals, University captains, and young Bank clerks, by two Bishops, five Cabinet Ministers, twenty-one retired Majors, and by tipsters innumerable. Only the other day my chimney-sweep put me the same question. I have consulted five hundred experts, and am authorised by them to say that we can beat the New Zealanders by paying attention to a few simple principles. The first advice I should tender is, remember the importance of Morale. Do not

COME ON TO THE FIELD BEATEN

and make a point of not lying down as soon as the ball has been kicked off. You may argue that by lying down you escape being knocked down, and that by lying down, and at the same time keeping your wits about you, you may, in the course of the game, trip up one of their wing-threes, or even their full-back. This is true, and if your sole object were to keep down their score, it would be justifiable enough. But you want to win the game, and to do this it is imperative that you should

PLANK FOR THE PERPENDICULAR

Anything that will help you to do this should be tried. If it helps you to recall that you are an Englishman, Scotchman, or even half-and-half, try that. Think of Waterloo, if you like—or of your best girl. At the worst it is not so bad as being at the dentist's. Some critics have assured you, perhaps, that you are degenerates, and this is affecting your spirits. But is this manly? If you are degenerates—and the facts as regard consumption, cancer, anæmia, or what-not, can easily be ascertained by going to the doctor—you had better scratch, and allow your club to find some other man who is suffering from nothing worse than influenza. After Morale,

DIET MUST UNDOUBTEDLY

be considered, but it need not be considered much. Common-sense will teach you that seventeen apples should not be eaten just before coming on to the field, and treacle-tart is unnecessary at half-time. If you think that New Zealand mutton has given the All-Blacks their muscle, you may try it for a week before the match. It is not so nice as English mutton, but it is cheaper. Moderation is the essential thing so far as diet is concerned, and you are intelligent enough to know without my telling you that diet is not the same thing as pace. After diet, I should certainly recommend

AN INTELLIGENT STUDY OF TACTICS

Personally, I deprecate the suggestion that you should take the field in motor-goggles. Remember that the New Zealanders won their land by driving out the Maoris, and are not easily to be frightened. Even should motor-goggles have an intimidating effect upon them, the painful effect they would have upon you, both during tackling and in the scrimmage, would be sufficient to put them out of court. I am equally opposed to the scheme whereby you are to play

FOURTEEN THREE-QUARTERS AND ONE FORWARD

partly for the reason that I think the three-quarters would get in one another's way, partly for the reason that I think the forward would feel lonely. Besides, you cannot expect one forward to do the work of a pack. He cannot feel like a pack. He cannot even look like one. The spectators have to be considered. No doubt if

MR. SANDOW COULD BE INDUCED

to don the jersey and play for you, he could hold the New Zealand pack. They are not heavier than seven grand pianos; but you would not get the ball often. No, it would be better to try ten full-backs, or something of that nature, if you must make a change. Do not involve yourselves with any 3-64ths, it is better to leave these to mathematicians. Lastly, I cannot countenance the idea of administering

NARCOTICS ON LEMON SLICES

to the All-Blacks at half-time. It would not be sporting, and even if they did go to sleep, you would have some difficulty in making up your lee-way in the limited time at your disposal. If the referee could be induced to carry a revolver and shoot any New Zealander when off-side—instead of blowing his whistle—it would be convenient, provided the referee could be trusted to shoot straight. But I do not know that the crowd would take it kindly. I shall return to this subject, if I find it helpful.

PORTER: "First class, mum?"
LADY: "Yes, thanks, young man, 'ow are you?"

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Prince Louis of Battenberg

The commanding presence of Prince Louis of Battenberg has probably had as much to do with his cordial reception in the States as his rank and post. The Americans are in many respects a susceptible race, and love a handsome face. The Battenbergs were always famed for their good looks, and they attracted, among others, Queen Victoria, whose weakness for handsome young men is naïvely shown in extracts from her letters to the Duke of Cambridge, which Dr. Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, is preparing for early publication. "From my window (Her Majesty writes) I saw Colonel A riding past to-day. He sat his horse so well and looked more handsome than I ever saw him." Or again, "The Blue Ribbon of the Garter wonderfully suits Lord B. His is a very good-looking face, and his figure is so erect." The Queen had been wedded to one of the best-looking men of his time — an officer present at the Queen's wedding assures us that Prince Albert was something of an Adonis — and she frankly admitted that having once married a gentleman so goodly to look upon, she could not henceforth bear the sight of the plain and insignificant. It was well known that Prince Alexander of Battenberg captivated her completely. She could deny him nothing. When, owing to his cavalier treatment of Princess Victoria of Prussia, Her Majesty fell out with the Prince, it was only to forgive him when she beheld his handsome face again. To Prince Henry of Battenberg she was absolutely devoted, and it cannot be gainsaid that his face was his fortune when he came a'wooing of Princess Beatrice, and pleaded for her hand with her mother.

Photo by *C. Vandyk*

Prince Louis of Battenberg

Now being fêted in traditional style by the enthusiastic Americans

Sir J. Herbert Marshall, J.P.

Sir J. Herbert Marshall, who received the dignity of knighthood on the King's birthday, is a Leicester man of great popularity in his town and county. He was Mayor of Leicester during the year of the late Queen's Diamond Jubilee (1897), when his tenure of office was rendered memorable by the raising of large sums of money for the benefit of the Leicester Infirmary.

Sir Herbert was the founder of the Leicester Philharmonic Society, for which he is still financially responsible. He is president of the Music Trades' Association of the United Kingdom, and has one of the largest musical instrument businesses in the kingdom, controlling the sole European, South African, and Indian rights of several well-known high-grade instruments. Sir Herbert Marshall has also extensive premises in Regent Street, London, which are too well known to call for detailed reference here.

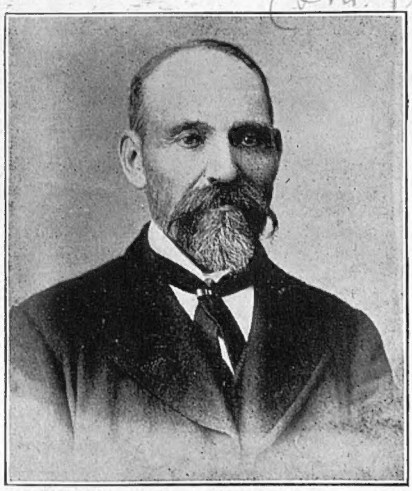


Photo by *Poole*

Sir William Goff Davis-Goff, Bart.

J.P. for Wexford, and one of the leading men in the South of Ireland

Sir J. Herbert Marshall

A former Mayor of Leicester, and founder of the Leicester Philharmonic Society

Photo by *Lafayette*

Sir Arthur Chance

President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland

RECIPIENTS OF BIRTHDAY HONOURS

A Link with Ancient Britain

Photo by Thomson

Mr. Frederick Harrison

The well-known lessee and manager of the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Harrison is a celebrity whose portrait rarely appears in the papers

A Future Queen?

Princess Louise of Orleans, whose portrait is the subject of our frontispiece this week, is spoken of more persistently than ever as probable future Queen of Spain. The youngest sister of the Queen of Portugal comes frequently to England in order to be the guest of her brother, the Duke of Orleans, at Wood Norton. It will be remembered that Princess Louise was riding with her sister, the Duchesse de Guise, when took place the latter's serious horse accident, and she and her mother, the Comtesse de Paris, nursed the invalid, dispensing, in the French fashion, with the services of a trained nurse.

Mr. R. P. Cooper

The Royal Agricultural Society has lost many thousands of pounds over the last three Annual Shows at Park Royal, yet a gentleman has been found, Mr. R. P. Cooper, who is ready to guarantee the Society against loss over the Show which next year is to be held at Derby. Mr. Cooper resides at Shenstone Court, Lichfield, Staffs, and is a member of the great firm of Cooper and Nephews, chemical manufacturers and exporters of pedigree live stock, and is a breeder and exhibitor of shorthorn cattle and Shropshire sheep; he thus realises the value of the Royal Society to the British agriculturalist.

Mr. R. P. Cooper

Who has guaranteed the Royal Agricultural Society against loss next year

Death of an Arch-Druid

Hwfa Mon, the Arch-Druid of Wales, who died the other day at the age of eighty-six, was a picturesque figure. Tall, upright, broad shouldered, with a classic, clean-shaven face, noble head, and glistening poetic eyes, he may be said to have formed a link between the twentieth century and the days of Ancient Britain. Druidism is one of those survivals which go to remind us that Wales is to-day the home of the real aboriginal Briton, who, with his poetry, song, and religious devotion, was bundled out of England by a succession of Anglo-Saxon, Danish, and Norman hooligans, whose descendants now inhabit this country, and quite wrongly call themselves "Britons."

The late Hwfa Mon, Arch-Druid of Wales, and chief Celtic representatives in the Cerdic circle

Fred Archer's Daughter—Heiress

A Bride of Devon

Miss Chichester, who is engaged to be married to Mr Walter Grenfell White, comes of a very old Devonshire family, in which her charming old-fashioned name of Thomasine is traditional. The Marquises of Donegall and the Earls of Devon are sprung from this family, which has been seated at Youlston, in Devonshire, since the end of the fifteenth century. Miss Chichester is the elder daughter of Mr. Henry Chichester, of Hill House, Wincanton, who is the younger brother of the head of the family, Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Chichester, C.B., C.M.G., ninth baronet.

A Jockey's Heiress

Miss Nellie Rose Archer, who comes of age this week, is said to inherit the sum of £120,000 from her late father, Fred Archer, the jockey. Even were it possible to "follow in her father's footsteps," and shine on the turf, Miss Archer would not be disposed to do so, for, according to report, her interest in sport is of the most lukewarm character. Miss Archer leads a quiet life, and one of her few sporting tastes is golf, which she has recently taken up.

Photo by *Thomson*

Miss L. Chichester

Who is to marry Mr. Walter Grenfell White on November 29, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Notice the latest development of *La Mode* in the matter of sleeves

Mr. Svetomir Nikolayevitch

To Mr. Svetomir Nikolayevitch belongs the merit of first making heard in Parliament the voice of the great majority of the Servian people on the regicide question. Although the leader of a party of only four, whose avowed object is the rehabilitation of Servia before the world by the removal of the regicide officers from the Army, Mr. Nikolayevitch counts on the secret adherence of the best parts of the nation and the Army. He is in his sixtieth year; hale and energetic; at once patriotically optimistic, and ready for any eventuality. The remark of a member on the Government benches that he hoped soon to see Mr. Nikolayevitch swinging from a tree in Belgrade Main Street has not damped that gentleman's zeal. He has notified the House that he intends to approach the Army question again in a few days. After taking his degree in Paris, young Nikolayevitch became, under the patronage of the Rev. W. Denton and of Mr. Rolleston, a student at the British Museum; and on

Miss Archer

Daughter of the late Fred Archer, the famous jockey. Miss Archer is said to have just inherited £120,000 on her coming-of-age

Miss Myrtle Backhouse

A member of the Harrogate Club, who has won the Ladies' Golf Championship of Australia

The Sale of Sir Henry Irving's Relics

Famous relics in the Irving Collection, which are shortly to be sold at Christie's

Playing-cards in inlaid box once the property of Charles I.

(*a*) Black-Jack-Tankard which belonged to Oliver Cromwell
(*b*) Ring worn by David Garrick
(*c*) Snuff-box used by Macready as Claude Melnotte in *Lady of Lyons*
(*d*) Knife used by Edmund Kean in the character of Shylock

his return to Servia, his lectures on English literature, notably his appreciations of Byron, Shakespeare, and Tennyson, attracted considerable attention. At the present moment he is engaged on a critical study of Modern Greek literature.

Programme-making at Newcastle

Newcastle-on-Tyne has once again figured as the capital of political agitation. From the Tyne was launched Mr. Gladstone's famous and devastating "Newcastle programme" of the nineties, which came to such terrible grief; and now Mr. Balfour has chosen it as the place whence to launch his battle-cry of "Unity," and the Chamberlainites theirs of "Tariff Reform." Newcastle is full of public men who take enormous interest in politics. At one time, it was a stronghold of Liberalism, until, in 1895, the Tories captured both seats, since when it has remained Tory. Its last organ of Liberalism was destroyed

Photos by **Famous relics in the Irving Collection** [*Topical Agency*

(*a*) Dagger and pistol used by Sir Henry Irving in *Peter the Great*. (*b*) Star used by Sir Henry Irving as Charles I. (*c*) Chatelaine that belonged to Danton, worn by Sir Henry Irving in the *Dead Heart*. (*d*) Waterloo medal worn by Sir Henry Irving as Corporal Gregory in *Waterloo*. (*e*) Purse that belonged to Edmund Kean. (*f*) Medallion used by Macready in *Hamlet*—"Look upon this picture." (*g*) Buckles worn by Macready at Covent Garden Theatre

Programme-Making at Newcastle

Lord Ravensworth

Whose family has been a prop of Conservatism in the North since the days of King Charles

Sir Lindsay Wood

Chairman of the Northern Division of the Union, a mining engineer, and sometime High Sheriff of Durham

Viscount Ridley

Chairman of the Tariff Reform League, whose policy was accepted by the majority of the Newcastle delegates

when the old *Newcastle Leader*, a Liberal voice crying in a Tory wilderness, met its death at the hands of a purchaser—Mr. Pearson.

A Quintet of Newcastle Men

Since an ancestor of Lord Ravensworth's gallantly defended Newcastle for King Charles, the family has been a prop of Conservatism in the North, and the fifth peer of the name was prominent among the hosts who entertained delegates at the Newcastle Conference of the Party last week. Lord Ravensworth succeeded his aged cousin (with whom an earldom expired) not long ago, and the Dowager Countess' marriage with her coachman may be remembered. Prominent among the entertainers at the Newcastle gathering, too, was Sir Lindsay Wood, who is perhaps the best-known mining engineer in the North, as well as a political leader in Durham County, of which he has been High Sheriff. Mr. Renwick was also much in evidence, as was natural in one who has represented the Town of the Conference in Parliament for five years. He is a great shipowner, and a confirmed chairman: of the Manchester Ship Canal Company among other things. Another chairman (of the Newcastle Conservative Association) was Mr. W. D. Cruddas, who had 2,000 guests to meet Mr. Balfour on Monday, the 13th, at the Assembly Rooms. He is the son of a founder of the Elswick Works, and is director of the same, as of many other enterprises. He was Mr. Renwick's predecessor in the representation of Newcastle, and is the proprietor of Haughton Castle, Northumberland. Sir Walter Plummer, who was staying with the Duke of Northumberland for the Conference, is Mr. Renwick's partner as M.P. for Newcastle. He is a great man in the iron trade, and has especially devoted himself to questions

Photos by

Sir Walter Plummer

Senior Member for Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Chairman of the great meeting at which Tariff Reform was carried

Mr. W. D. Cruddas

Director of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co.'s Elswick Works, and Chairman and Director of several companies in Newcastle

Jas. Bacon and Sons

Mr. George Renwick

Junior Conservative Member for Newcastle-on-Tyne since 1900, and much in evidence at the Conference

Mr. Stead's Pride as a Prisoner

of maritime legislation in the House. His knighthood was gained last year.

M. Vladimir Tchertkoff

In the beautiful little Hampshire town of Christchurch there dwells a Russian gentleman who is remarkable both in himself and also as being the intimate friend, translator, and literary representative of Count Tolstoy. M Tchertkoff was born in Moscow some fifty years ago, his parents being people of rank. His father was a distinguished general officer and A.D.C. to the then Emperor, and so it was natural for young Vladimir to obtain a commission in the Imperial Life Guards; and at this period of his life he was honoured by the intimate friendship of the late Tsar Alexander. But M. Tchertkoff wearied of Court life, and after seven years in the Guards he retired, with the rank of Captain, to his family estates in the south of Russia

Professor Svetomir Nikolayevitch

Who has dared to denounce the regicides in the Servian Parliament where they have the majority

Here he devoted himself to helping the peasantry by means of schools and local councils, also publishing and circulating editions of Count Tolstoy's works which were prohibited by the Government. As may be imagined, these proceedings did not win for him the love of the bureaucracy, but he was not actually exiled from Russia until the year 1897, the cause being his championship of the persecuted sect of the Doukhobors. M. Tchertkoff has since lived in England with his Russian wife and child. At one time, this interesting family joined the little group of Russian exiles who live in the village of Purleigh, in Essex, but afterwards they moved to Christchurch, where M. Tchertkoff acts as editor of the *Free Age Press*. One article of Tolstoy's creed is that he does not accept any payment for his literary works, and it is M. Tchertkoff's task to secure for the Count's writings the widest possible publicity.

Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. W. T. Stead in fancy costume

On the twentieth anniversary of his release from prison, Mr. W. T. Stead recently received a number of London journalists in prison garb

Printing Revolutionary Literature in England

The compositors' room at the Russian printing works near Christchurch

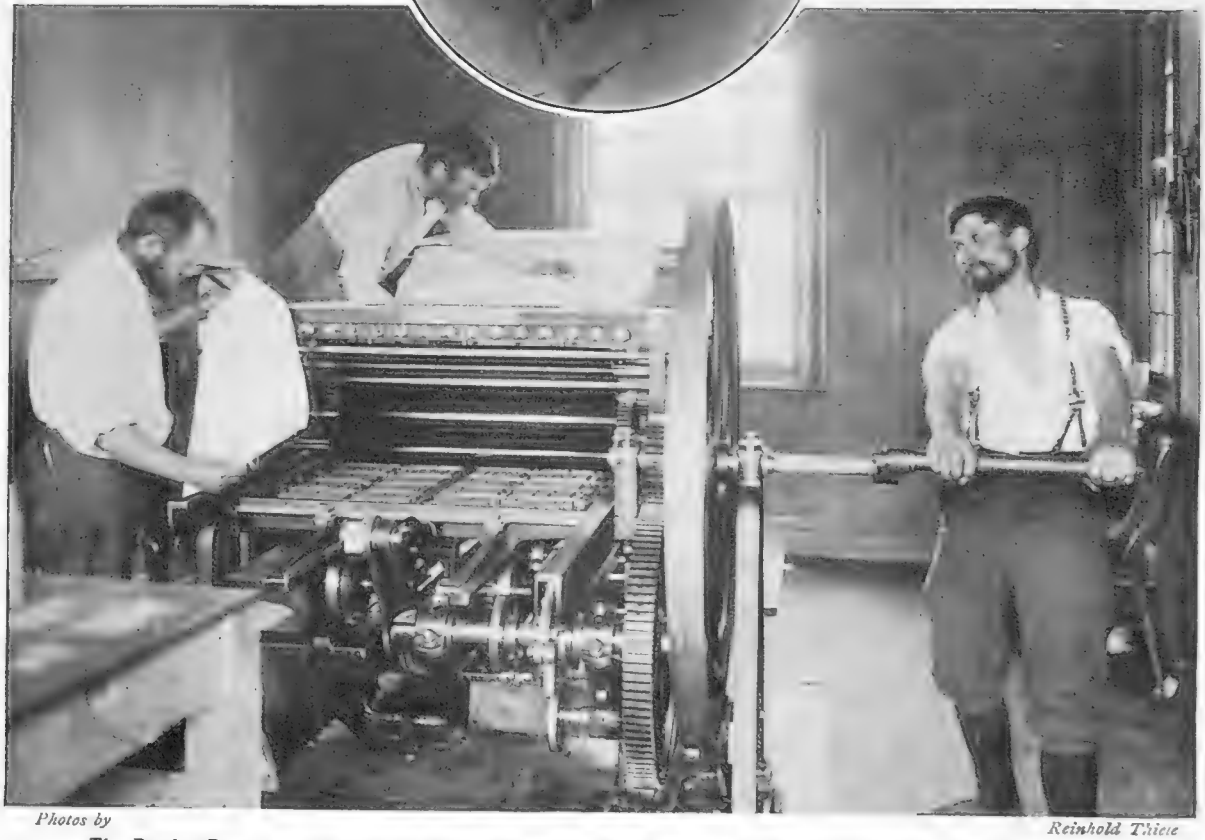
The stereo room of the Revolutionary Press

M. Vladimir Tchertkoff

Formerly private secretary to Count Tolstoy, and now his literary representative in England

A Revolutionary Press

From these works emanate propaganda of Russian Reform and Revolution



Photos by *Reinhold Thiele*

The Russian Press, near Christchurch, which disseminates Revolutionary pamphlets throughout England and also the writings of Count Tolstoy

FROM ABROAD

"Brothers of the Sun"

How a French Minister Resigns

M. Berteaux, lately French Minister of War, resigned in a properly dramatic fashion, quite worthy of the best traditions of the Chamber. A motion, a commotion, M. Berteaux displeased. Exit M. Berteaux. Tumult, yells, desk-banging. M. Rouvier pale, speechless; M. Jaurés shouting and waving; the President ringing, yelling, and gesticulating. Re-enter M. Berteaux, *without his portfolio*. Seats himself on the extreme left—with the Socialists—and his resignation is known to France. If only our Ministers would resign in this healthy, wholesome, sudden fashion, instead of allowing the nation to read about their "ailing health," or the pressure of their "private business," how much more interesting it would have been at St. Stephen's during the last two years.

Photo by *Boyer*

M. Berteaux

French Minister of War, who recently resigned under dramatic circumstances

High Priest of the "Sun Worshippers"

A few days ago there arrived from New Britain, a large island in the Bismarck Archipelago, news of the death of August Englehardt, founder, apostle, and high priest of the "Sun Worshippers," a curious little sect of adorers of the sun, which settled in 1901 on the Island Kabakon, in the Duke of York group, close to Herbertshohe, the seat of German Administration in New Guinea. The sect of "Sun Worshippers" was composed of but three persons, who styled themselves "Brothers of the Sun." They were Englehardt, a University graduate from Bavaria; Max Lutzow, formerly proprietor and conductor of the Lutzow Orchestra in Berlin; and Heinrich Eukens, a well-known Heligolander. Shortly after arriving at Kabakon, Eukens caught a severe attack of malaria, and, as the "Sun Worshippers" eschewed medicine of all kinds, trusting to sun rays and starvation for a cure, died on the fourth day. Lutzow, who went about stark naked, followed him to the grave a few weeks later, leaving Englehardt all alone on the island. Last month, visitors from New Guinea found Englehardt lying dangerously ill in the Sun Grove which he had planted on his island. Doctors from Herbertshohe came to Kabakon, and carried the dying High Priest of the Sun to the Government launch, but he expired on the voyage to New Guinea.

Kabakon, an island in New Guinea, where the "Sun Worshippers" had a settlement

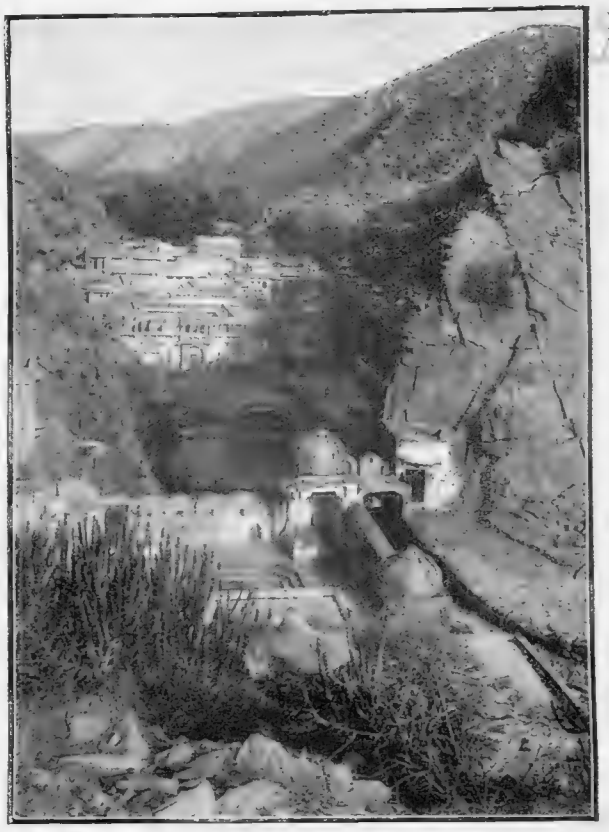
With Royalty in India

JAIPUR: WHERE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES WILL BE THIS WEEK

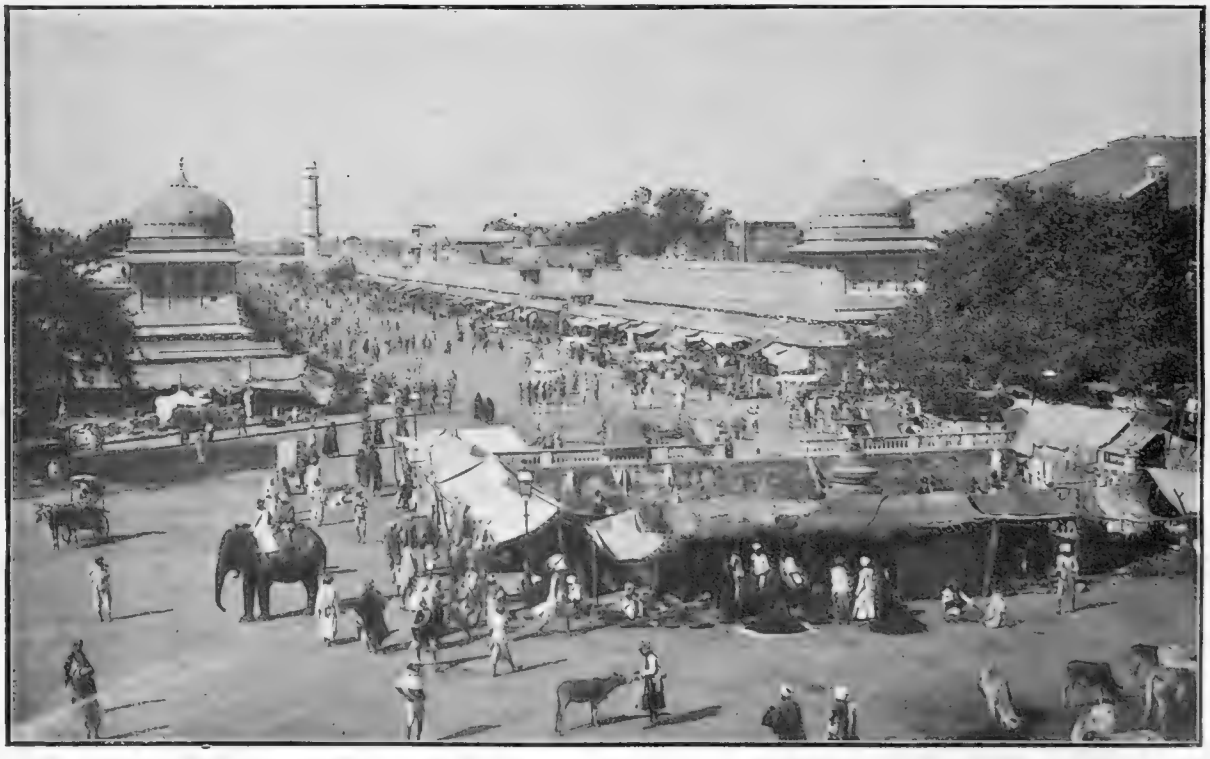
Jaipur, or Jeypore, which is this week being visited by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, is the handsomest native-built city of India. The city view in our second illustration—the "Chowk," or market-place—speaks better than description can of the wonderful life, colour, and architectural charm which will greet their Royal Highnesses there, for Jaipur is a highly important commercial centre, the chief town of Rajputana, and the place of the Maharajah's palace. It is chiefly engaged in banking and exchange. Our smaller illustration shows the beautiful and wonderfully situated Temples in the Galta Pass near the city, whose environs suggest volumes of romance.

The Maharajah's palace stands in the middle of the city, and the other buildings of note are the Maharajah's college, an industrial and economic museum, a school of art, an observatory, a mint, a hospital, while the Rám Néwas Gardens (seventy acres) are of renowned beauty. The city is regularly laid out at right angles, and at each cross street is a "Chowk," or market-place.

Jaipur is, however, a comparatively modern city, having been established as lately—for India—as 1728. The original capital of the State was Amber, about four miles north of the present capital, and now a ruin, containing the remains of a vast palace, and reposing by a small lake in a deep hollow among hills. The State of Jaipur has an additional claim to the kindly interest of the future Emperor of India, as it distinguished itself during the Mutiny by its consistent loyalty, for which the Maharajah was rewarded by an extension of territory.



The remarkable Temples of the Galta Pass, near Jaipur



Jaipur: The chief street and market-place, or "Chowk"

The city is the most important commercial centre in Rajputana, and is busily engaged in banking and exchange. The stone houses, mosques, towers, and temples, give Jaipur a fine appearance, and testify to the architectural taste of the natives who built it early in the eighteenth century

Cyprus and its First Railway

WHY NOT MAKE THE ISLAND A BRITISH REFUGE FOR THE JEWS?

Cyprus has just completed its first railway. The line runs from the capital of the island, Nicosia, to the harbour works at Famagusta, and has been built by a British firm with a balance of an Imperial loan of £314,000 for irrigation, harbour, and railway works.

Cyprus suffers from an undeserved obscurity in British calculations, which is strange for many reasons. Our possession of the island consolidates our position in Egypt, it is a standing tribute to the diplomacy which preserved Turkey from the evils of Russian conquest in 1878, and is there not a suggestion of wealth in its very name?

From Cyprus we coined the word "copper," because in days gone by the Phœnicians and Romans coined the metal itself from the rich mines of the island. Even to-day, it is a debated question whether those mines have ever been exhausted, for it is supposed that the ancient workings were only stopped by want of fuel, water, or ventilation, not because they were extinct.

Cyprus owes its latter-day barrenness to the destruction of the ancient forests on the mountains, and the consequent disappearance of the olden streams and watercourses, which were in those days perennial. Now that these forests have been destroyed, the rains which fall on to the mountains evaporate rapidly, and leave the island dry. Efforts to obtain water by artesian wells have not been very successful, and the sole hope of the island lies in its being re-afforested.

If this were done on a large scale, prosperity might again come to the island. In the meantime, however, it already enjoys a splendid trade in wines and spirits, raisins, silk, mulberries, and sponge fisheries.

It is curious, too, that those who have in mind the re-establishment of the Jewish race in a free land should not have considered Cyprus as a possible settlement for a small Zionist colony. It is alike adjacent to the land of their origin, but emancipated from the Turkish yoke which crushes Palestine.

Christian and Mussulman dwell together in a harmony that is an example to adjoining islands and countries; the climate of the island is pronounced by British Consular reports to be the best in the Mediterranean, both in winter and summer, eminently suited to those who, like the Jews, lead regular lives and take reasonable health precautions.

When the railway and harbour at Famagusta are in working order, it is surmised that the latter, if made into a large "Free Town," might develop a great distributing export trade, and become of some importance in the Levant, lying, as the island does, in the centre of the Eastern Mediterranean, midway between Asiatic Turkey and Egypt on the one hand, and Palestine and the Ægean on the other.

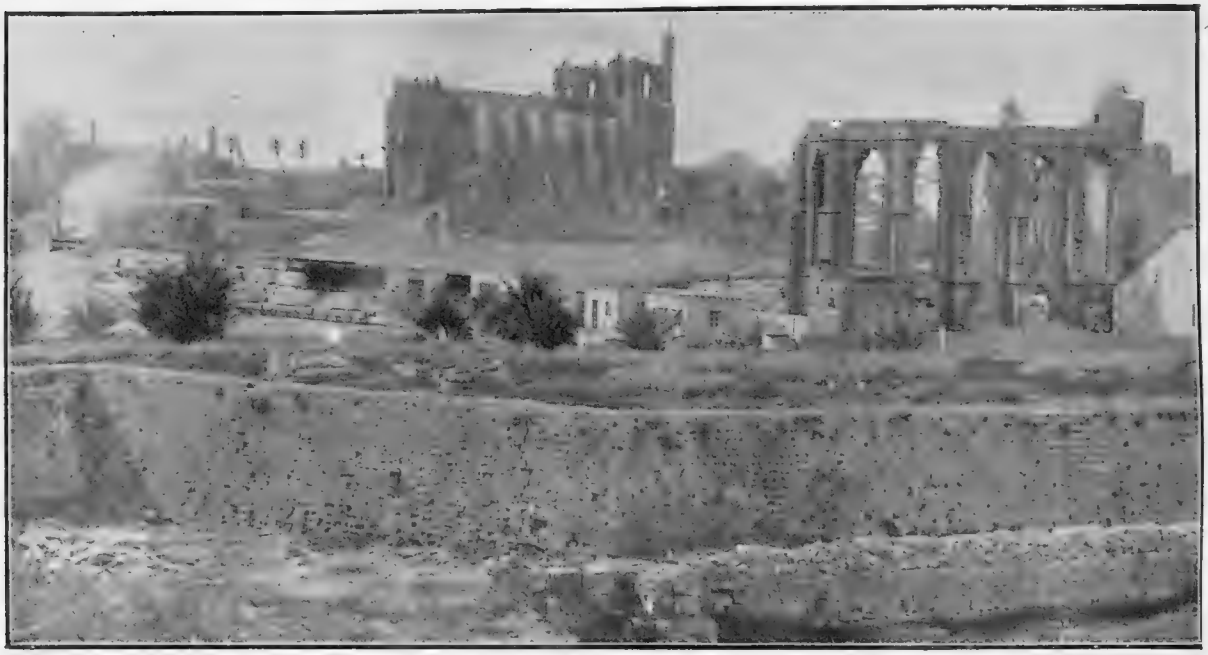
Cyprus's first train starts

Arrival of locomotive containing the High Commissioner at Famagusta, whence the new railway runs from Nicosia, the capital. The line has just been completed, and is expected to greatly develop trade in the island

Famagusta, at present, as our photograph shows, is a ruined town, in the tower of which legend says that Othello made away with Desdemona. Larnaca and Limasol are other important towns.

As a health resort, Cyprus has many claims which are, for some reason, overlooked. Whereas thousands of English people flock in the winter to Cairo, Algiers, Sicily, and other Mediterranean resorts, no attempt has been made to induce them to try Cyprus, though there they would enjoy all the benefits of British civilisation. Possibly, some enterprising hotel proprietor will take the first step in providing a suitable establishment. Were this done, Cyprus might attract not only people from England, but other European countries, while it might also prove attractive to tired Egyptian officials and their families, who grow very weary of the banks of the Nile, and would like a retreat from them near at hand.

View of Larnaca, the chief port of Cyprus



The ruined city of Famagusta, which the railway is likely to revive

View of Limasol, an important seaport of Cyprus, where the English garrison is quartered

Golf Notes and Notions

Mr. J. E. Laidlay and Mr. C. K. Hutchison

Two performances have been recently accomplished which deserve more than a passing word of notice. They are the more interesting in that they exemplify the old and new in schools of play, the one standing to the credit of Mr. J E. Laidlay and the other to that of Mr. Cecil Hutchison. I am naturally intensely delighted at Mr Laidlay's fine performance, for he belongs to my own generation, and it is pleasing to find that the old horses can still win races, and not only win them, but win them, so to speak, in record time. The particular feat which Mr. Laidlay has just put on record is the score of 75, with which he won the Autumn Medal of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers at Muirfield. Countless medals and trophies have been won by Mr. Laidlay, but I doubt whether any success has given him greater gratification than this winning of the Honourable Company's medal in a record score while he holds the post of Captain of that famous Club, and when, in point of time, a period of twenty-two years has elapsed since he first won one of the Club's medals. My memory of Mr. Laidlay goes back even further than that, for it must be quite twenty-seven years ago that I first saw him busily engaged, as a lad of eighteen, in annexing a medal at Luffness. His score, if my memory serves me, was many points below any other, and he has continued ever since in adding every possible sort of medal and prize to his collection. That collection must indeed be quite formidable in its proportions now, and the list must be almost as long as Leporello's famous record of Don Juan's love affairs.

Stars!

FIRST GOLFER: "Fore" (*strikes ball*)
SECOND GOLFER: "*Four* be hanged—I can see fifty"

Mr. Laidlay's Prowess

Apart from his medal prowess, Mr. Laidlay has won the Amateur Championship twice, been runner-up three times, and once second in the Open Championship. It is hardly necessary for me to describe his style, for wherever golf is played, the great left-legger is too well known to require detailed description. He has one weak point in his armour which he shares in common with another great player, Mr. Charles Hutchings. Pit either of these two against a much weaker and less-known player in a great competition, and it is great odds that the big man will go down before his lesser opponent. But match either of them against a foeman truly worthy of his steel and you will then find both of them at their very best, and playing such a game as would smother that weaker player by whom they had been previously defeated. Two such occasions in Mr. Laidlay's career occur to me as I write, one of them in this year's Amateur Championship and the other in the same tournament a good many years ago. This latter occasion has remained for ever famous among his friends as the time when "Johnny" met the "sweety-man" and got a beating.

A Noble Performance

But I must not linger any longer in the charmed domain of Mr. Laidlay's golfing kingdom, but must put on record my great admiration and delight at the noble performances by which Mr. Cecil Hutchison swept the board at the St. George's Autumn Meeting at Sandwich. On the first day he returned a 77, and capped this on the second day by a truly magnificent 72. With these two scores he practically won every prize of the meeting, and thoroughly justified those, like myself, who have pinned their faith to him as one of the most promising players of the younger division. He comes of a good golfing stock, and all those who have had the pleasure of playing with his father, Mr. J. R. Hutchison, whether at St. Andrews, North Berwick, or Pau, will bear me out when I say that no young player could have a better or sounder golfing sire. So Mr. Cecil Hutchison *chasse de race.* Curiously enough he was trained to the game on the same course, North Berwick, as Mr. Laidlay, and like all children of that great mother, he excels in his iron play. He has always given me a greater impression of control, and certainty in his style, than any of the younger players of his own standing. His style strikes the observer at once as one eminently conducive to accuracy, whether in the long or the short game, and, if his military duties permit, I feel sure that we shall not have many years to wait before witnessing his triumph in the very first ranks of amateurs in their Championship.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

THE PLAYHOUSES

"MR. POPPLE" (OF IPPLETON) AT THE APOLLO

Mr. Paul Rubens is making history in the lyric drama. Out of the musical comedy he has fashioned the original comedy with music. There are worlds of difference between them. The inversion alone of the words "music" and "comedy" raises impenetrable barriers. In the clas ification of plays shades of distinction are outlined by a word, a punctuation mark, an accent.

The broad feature of differentiation between the old form of entertainment and the new is the abolition of opening chorus and finale. For years the opening chorus has been the "Tally ho!" of the musical comedy. With the opening chorus the composer made the running. Even if Fate should proscribe a check long before the list of solos, trios, quartets, sextets, etc., had been worked off, playgoers were never permitted to complain of a poor pace at the start. In the opening chorus the composer was paramount. The lyric-writer might put into it his wittiest and most audacious verses, the singers throw from their chests their most resonant notes, but at the least sign of lyric-writer or singer getting too lively, the conductor's baton would whip up the orchestra into front place in such wise that, for all the audience could make out of the purport of their song the chorus might be singing the Greek alphabet, though every now and again, after a lyric of this species—

> We are English villagers,
> No foreign foe can pillage us,

there would follow a distinguishable "Hurrah!"

There is a chorus of "bloods" and very sporting-looking damsels in the new piece, but they make more for the gorgeousness of the production than for its melody.

A Comedy Opening

Mr. Popple (of Ippleton) opens upon comedy lines with a dialogue between underlings; there are no music cues to bring on the principals; nor fatuous lines of dialogue to bring on the songs. The fun of the piece devolves upon Mr. G. P. Huntley as the countryman from Ippleton. He is the mainstay of the comedy. We watch for his entrances, and eye him nervously when he gives signs of making an exit. There are many smart lines in the piece, but few humorous situations. Consequently, the actors have to manufacture comedy, where possible, out of their personality. This is a light task for Mr. Huntley, who keeps the audience in a roar. Mr. Kenneth Douglas, not gifted, as is Mr. Huntley, with a humorous personality, has a harder task. He is always bright and pleasing, and when the lines are smart, he evokes merriment, but it takes gifts of a different order to convulse the house with the simple remark, "What a rough journey," or "I'll give you a good topping time with the rabbits when you come down to Ippleton." This comparison is made merely in order to show that, with the exception of the principal comedian, who would hardly be at a loss if Mr. Paul Rubens had written him a rôle in words of one syllable or in Esperanto, the rest of the characters are not provided with much opportunities for fun-making.

With dainty songs of the Paul-Rubensian school they are well provided, especially Miss Ethel Irving, who can talk and act a song far more effectively than anyone else can sing it. Her rendering of "O! la la la!" gave a fillip to the third act when that tired feeling seemed to pervade the production.

Mr. Lionel Victor and Miss Coralie Blythe play "opposite" characters with neatness and vivacity, but with the exception of these and the three principal performers already referred to, the rest of the cast make no peremptory claim upon our attention. The two juveniles, Mr. Leon Rennay and Miss Olive Hood, show unmistakable signs of inexperience of the stage, and the London stage is rather a stern school in which to learn the paces. But they both sing well, and that is the main thing, even in a comedy with music. The two flighty husbands and their two wives, the one pugnacious, the other lachrymose, created a tedium in which even Miss Marie Illington's delightfully incisive manner was swamped.

The dresses designed by Mr. Percy Anderson were wonderfully neat and smart. The designer contented himself with the very simplest combination of colours, and his "line" was most telling, especially in a wonderful scarlet head-dress worn by the girls of the charity theatre, and reminding us of those quaint

Norman dames who decorated the pages of our school history books. E. C. S.

"The Follies" at the Palace

That sprightly and ever original troupe, "The Follies," are now appearing at the Palace Theatre in an operetta, entitled, with malignantly punning intent, *Oi! Pieretta*, the writing and composition by H. G. Pelissier, the lyrics by Arthur Wimperis. Burlesque is its intent, both musical and poetic, and the intent is realised. What it is, however, that is burlesqued in the former direction is a little difficult to detect, for the music soars up and down the octaves, and is of a plaintive weirdness like unto nothing we know of—except itself. Perhaps that is the joke—a burlesque which burlesques itself? "The Follies," anyhow, may be trusted to know, and though the hour of the production (from 11 till 11.45 or thereabouts) was late, the show provided the audience with many laughs—puzzled, inquiring laughs, perhaps, but laughs; and that, after all, is the main thing. There was also presented for the first time Mlle. Juliette, and some highly intelligent sea-lions.

"The Little Michus"

The changes made in *The Little Michus* have greatly improved the play. The suppression of the entrance of the hussars in the first act has quickened the action. The comedy scenes and situations are brisker and brighter. "Two Little Hearts," the beautiful duet for Blanche Marie and Marie Blanche, with which the first act opened, has been translated to the second act, to the general advantage. Mlle. Genée also appears in the second act. She is a revelation to those who have been accustomed to the average dancer of light opera. Miss Denise Orme has a new number, "A Grand Lady," in the second act, and interpolates Gounod's Serenade in the third, playing the violin obbligato herself with enchanting effect. Mr. George Graves, as General des Ifs, still convulses the audience with his story of The Gazeka, the wonderful little creature who is to occupy the place of honour in the toy-shop windows this Christmas, to say nothing of the rollicking humour of his attempt to swallow Madame Michu's home-made wine. André Messager's music grows on one at every visit. With all its added exuberance of fun, *The Little Michus* has lost nothing of its natural daintiness and charm.

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"Bystander" Theatre Guide

Drury Lane, at 8: *The Prodigal Son.*—Hurry up and book seats, for even a Prodigal Son has to make way for Christmas Panto.

His Majesty's, at 8: *Oliver Twist.*—Adaptation a series of excellent "bits," especially Mr. Tree's Fagin.

Haymarket, at 8.30: *Privy Council.*—Neat Pepysian piece, played before the King by command. 9.10: *Lucky Miss Dean.*—Successfully produced in town, was whisked off to the country, and now returns to town with Charles Hawtrey in the cast.

Garrick, at 8: *The Merchant of Venice.*—Beautifully staged, and an interesting reading of Shylock from Mr. Bourchier.

Adelphi, at 8.30: *Dr. Wake's Patient.*—Simple domestic comedy, with interludes of sentiment, always finds a large public.

St. James's, at 8.30: *The Housekeeper.*—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in a well-fitting play.

Wyndham's, at 8.45: *Public Opinion.*—An amusing farce, with one situation running through three acts without slowing down.

New, at 9; *Captain Drew on Leave.*—Going very strong.

Court, at 8.15: *Man and Superman.*—Intending Benedicks should see it before taking the plunge.

Duke of York's, at 8.15: *Sherlock Holmes.*—Mr. William Gillette talks in this version.

Imperial, at 8.15: *The Temptation of Samuel Burge.*—New farce by W. W. Jacobs and Frederick Fenn. At 8.45: *The Perfect Lover.*—An ethical play, with good situations and well acted.

Scala: At 8.15, *Carrots;* at 9, *Mrs. Grundy.*—Madeleine Lucette Riley's new play.

Shaftesbury, at 8.30: *The Walls of Jericho.*—A permanency. May move to another theatre, but will never stop.

Waldorf, at 8.45: *Lights Out.*—The first dish of the strong meat drama with which playgoers are now to be served.

Musical plays at Daly's, Criterion, Gaiety, Lyric Prince of Wales's.—Take them in order named.

SCENES FROM

"Lights Out"

AT THE WALDORF THEATRE

Corporal Queiss (*Mr. Charles Weir*, on the left) to **Corporal Helbig** (*Mr. H. V. Esmond*)

"You must know what she's been doing these two years"
"*I don't know* what she's been doing"

Lieutenant von Lauffen (*Mr. H. B. Irving*) **and Klara Volkhardt** (*Miss Eva Moore*)

The fascinating Klara has been making love to the Lieutenant during the two years' absence of Helbig, to whom she was more or less betrothed

Photos by] **The Great Court-Martial Scene: Klara's confession** [*Dover Street Studios*

Helbig is court-martialled for striking his superior officer, Lieutenant von Lauffen. Klara supplies the motive for his act by confessing that she was in the Lieutenant's quarters. Sergeant Volkhardt (Mr. Charles Fulton), Klara's father, is overcome with rage at this intelligence, and attempts to strike the Lieutenant. Corporal Queiss interposes in time, and the Court, well knowing the true state of affairs, is willing to believe that the old sergeant has had a sudden fit

Opening Meet of the Dartmoor Foxhounds at Ivybridge, on November 8. The veteran Master, Mr. William Coryton, is prominent on the right

(Competition Photo by Carslake Winterwood, *Paignton. Prize, £1 1s).*

Hunting

ILLUSTRATED PARTLY BY COMPETITION PHOTOGRAPHS

(For full details of our Hunt Photographic Competition, see advertisement page v.)

Broadway Village, in Worcestershire, where the North Cotswold Hounds are kennelled
(Competition photo by DONALD T. MCNEILL, *Park Leys, Stratford-on-Avon. Prize, 5s.)*

A Good Start

In hunting as in most things a good start may be reckoned as being half the battle. For the enthusiastic Nimrod there is scarcely anything more irritating than to be hung up at the very outset of the season by some abnormal weather conditions. There have been occasions on which hunting has been delayed in November on account of the water-logged country. In some years, too, drought has precluded the possibility of regular work out of covert until half the opening month has slipped away. Fortunately, everything has been *couleur de rose* for hunting people so far this season. Huntsmen growled at the short supply of rain during the important work of cubbing, but just before the time fixed for the majority of opening meets, the frost does not come to make the turf rattle beneath our horses' shoes. Up to the moment of writing there has been very little to complain of so far as sport is concerned. In the Shires, most of the packs have been able to run well each day, without achieving anything that could be styled sensational. Things are progressing very smoothly with the Quorn under Captain Frank Forester's leadership, and already his good qualities are being warmly spoken on in the Midlands. The Cottesmore Hounds, too, have shown several runs worthy of the high reputation the pack has won, while Mr. Fernie's brilliant hour and forty minutes without a check on the 9th inst. over the choicest of their Thursday country, ending with a kill close to the cemetery at Billesdon, was a performance speaking

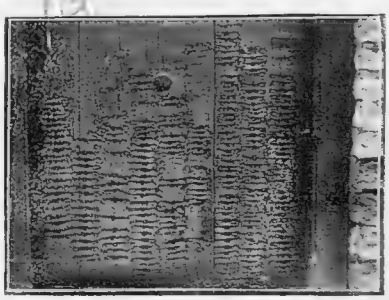
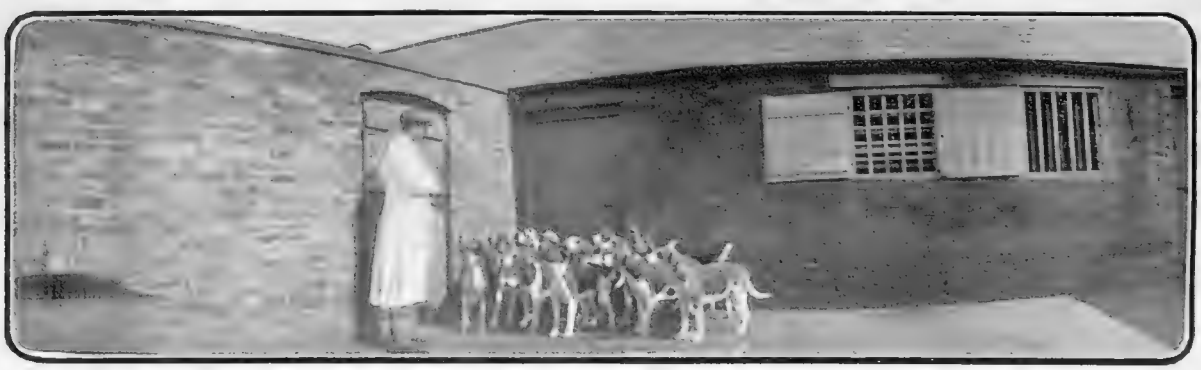


Photo by Oxley Grabham
Relics of the Chase
Noses of foxes killed by Squire Hill's Yorkshire pack



Mr. Charles McNeill, with the young entry of the North Cotswold Hounds
Mr. McNeill has just announced his decision to relinquish the Mastership of the pack at the end of the season
(Competition photo by DONALD T. MCNEILL, *Park Leys, Stratford-on-Avon. Prize, 5s.)*

welcome moisture came copiously in all parts of the kingdom, bringing with it an improvement of scent, as well as better conditions for riding across country. Doubtless, we shall not get out of November without a few fogs, but these are nothing more than must be expected at this time of the year, and we can afford to greet them philosophically so long as eloquently for the merits of the Market Harborough hounds.

The North Cotswold Hounds and their Retiring M.F.H.

Having definitely decided to give up the Mastership of the North Cotswold Hounds at the end of the current season, Mr. Charles McNeill has already placed

his resignation in the hands of the Hunt Committee, thus giving them plenty of time in which to seek around for a successor. At the present time there seems no likelihood of any of the regular followers of the North Cotswold coming forward to take over the onerous duties so capably carried out by Mr. McNeill, and the Committee have accordingly resorted to the expedient of advertising for a new M.F.H. The country is a pleasant one, in which scarcely any wire is encountered during the season. Stone walls, peculiar to this part of the counties of Gloucester and Worcester, are met with in the North Cotswold hill districts, requiring a well-bred horse on the small side to get over them, while in the vale there is riding to be had over a strongly-fenced country that would not disgrace Leicestershire. Another advantage is that the farmers are most amicably disposed towards the Hunt, while the finances are in a satisfactory state, the Master being guaranteed £1,500 per annum. The hounds belong to Mr. McNeill, and a very brilliant pack they are, all bitches of the finest type. When the present M.F.H. came to the pretty Worcestershire village called Broadway, he purchased two packs from the retiring Master, Captain Cyril Stacey; but he decided to dispense with the dog-hounds, and sold them to Lord Portman. Mr. McNeill then bought twenty-five couples of bitches from the Quorn, Pytchley, Badminton, and other famous kennels, and the result is that the North Cotswold pack is now recognised as one of the most valuable in the kingdom. Mr. McNeill acquired his knowledge of hounds and hunting in a good school. He studied Tom Firr's methods in Leicestershire, and has applied them with the utmost success to his management of the North Cotswold country. The Hunt Committee will find it difficult adequately to fill the gap caused by his impending retirement.

Photo by *Oxley Grabham*

Sir Everard Cayley

Who recently resigned the Mastership of the pack now known as Mr. Sherbrooke's Hounds, with Mr. Robin Hill, the amateur huntsman

The Dartmoor Hounds

A cloud overshadowed the start of the season by the Dartmoor Hounds. The opening meet had been fixed for Wednesday, the 1st inst., and to the meet at Ivybridge on that day sportsmen rode in pleasant anticipation of the coming sport. But they were greeted, alas! by the sad news that only two hours previously Mr. Henry Bingham Mildmay had breathed his last at his residence, not far distant from the place of meeting. The field expressed their deep sorrow at the loss of one of the most respected and liberal supporters of the Hunt, and Mr. William Coryton sent hounds

Photo by] **A famous Yorkshire hunting family** [*Oxley Grabham*

Comprising Mr. John Hill, ex-M.F.H., Mrs. Hill, the Misses Hill, and Mr. Robin Hill

back to kennels, postponing the opening of the season until the following Wednesday It was on this occasion that the photograph appearing on another page was secured, and the scene at Ivybridge was an animated one. Prominent on the extreme right of the picture is the Master, Mr. William Coryton. Seeing that he has hunted the Dartmoor Hounds for sixteen seasons, and for fifteen years previously was Master of the East Cornwall Hounds first taking office in 1873, Mr. Coryton must be ranked among our veteran M.F.H.'s; but for all that his enthusiasm is undiminished, and he is as keen to show good sport as he was thirty years ago. And really good sport he does show with the Dartmoor pack, the tough moorland foxes wanting a deal of catching. But it is an excellent scenting country, and Mr. Coryton's hounds will not be denied when they are out for blood.

Photo by *Oxley Grabham*

Mr. Robin Hill talking to Mr. Thos. Parrington

The famous Yorkshire veteran sportsman, whose hunting reminiscences go back eighty years

A Well-known Yorkshire Hunting Family

There is a pack of foxhounds kennelled not far from Scarborough which has borne the name of each succeeding M.F.H. for just upon a century. Mr. Penn C. Sherbrooke has just taken Sir Everard Cayley's place in the Mastership, and there is no departure in his case from the custom alluded to. The new Master has the assistance of Mr. Robin Hill as amateur huntsman, and his name takes us back to the earliest history of the Hunt. Mr. R Johnson Hill established the country in its present form in the year 1808, hunting it for half a century, save three seasons. When he died, Mr. John Hill took over the Mastership, but in 1862 he sold the hounds to the Duke of Grafton, and Mr. Harcourt Johnstone formed a new pack, retaining the command until 1881, when he in his turn gave way to Captain the Hon. Frederick Johnstone. The last-named gentleman played a prominent part in helping the Hunt out of the difficulty caused by Sir Everard Cayley's recent resignation, making arrangements whereby the hounds and some of the horses became the property of Lord Downe, Mr. Tingle Brown, and himself. The Mr. John Hill of whom mention has just been made—"Squire Hill," as he is called in this part of Yorkshire—is happily still alive and well, and keenly interested in Mr. Robin Hill's work with the pack. Our photograph shows this fine hunting family as sportsmen in the North Riding know them, and a further interesting reminder of bygone hunting days

Opening Meet of the Atherstone Hounds at Caldecote Hall

The residence of the secretary of the Hunt, Captain H. L. Townshend

(*Competition photo by* Miss A. Harbord, *Grendon Hall, Atherstone. Prize*, 5s.)

"For'rad Away!"

The Halstead Place Beagles hard on the track of their hare

(*Competition photo by* W. Abrey, *Tonbridge. Prize*, £1 1s.)

is furnished by the picture of the noses of foxes killed by Squire Hill's pack.

Eighty Years' Experience of Fox-hunting

Mr. Tom Parrington, who is seen in our illustration conversing with Mr. Robin Hill, is one of the best-known veteran sportsmen in the North Riding of Yorkshire. He was Master of the Sinnington Hounds from 1879 to 1884, but his experience of fox-hunting dates back for the extraordinary period of eighty years. He had not long arrived at the dignity of breeches at the time of his first opening meet, but he remembers the occasion perfectly well, and only the other day wrote a deeply interesting description of the scene. Unfortunately, we cannot quote the whole letter on account of the lack of space, but here is an extract:—

My first opening day was with the Cleveland Foxhounds in October, 1825, at Middlesbrough, at that time the residence of my father, who farmed the whole township of over four hundred acres. The house stood on an eminence near the site of the present church, a lovely spot surrounded by excellent pastures, and commanding a charming view over the Vale of Cleveland, with the beautiful range of hills in the background. Within four hundred yards of our home was a sand-pit, tenanted by no end of rabbits, and where an old vixen fox chose to lay up her cubs almost every Spring. As there was no covert near, the cubs were always to be found in the adjoining fields of turnips. Hence Middlesbrough was chosen, year after year, as the meet for the opening day. . . . My mount on my first opening day was on the shoulders of one of father's men-servants. I saw three foxes killed, and clearly remember how one of them was held up by one of the whips in a tree, all the hounds baying around, accompanied by the sounding of several horns and the "whoo-whoops" of the assembled field.

Thus picturesquely does Mr. Parrington write of events seen by him four score years ago. He has observed remarkable changes in the Cleveland district, Middlesbrough, for example, having sprung from a population of twenty-five all told in 1801 to something like one hundred thousand inhabitants at the present day.

The Oxenholme Staghounds

Which show good sport in Westmoreland under the Mastership of Mr. C. H. Wilson

(*Competition photo by* G. Bethell, *Lindale, Grange-over-Sands. Prize*, 5s.)

A Typical Irish Meet: Opening of the season with the Tipperary Foxhounds at Fethard

In the centre of the illustration is the Master, Colonel Forestier-Walker

(*Competition photo by* C. E. B. Dennis, *R.A. Barracks, Clonmel. Prize*, 5*s*.)

The "White Collars"

Known in Leicestershire as the "White Collars," from the distinctive feature of the scarlet coat worn by the Master and Hunt staff, the Atherstone are seen in the accompanying photograph at this season's opening meet at Caldecote Hall. Captain Harry Townsend, the popular Hon. Secretary of the Hunt, gave a hearty welcome to all comers, and after this pleasant reception, the followers of the pack had a splendid day's sport. The Atherstone bitches ran with great dash, and in all respects the pack is a splendid one. Succeeding a good man in Mr. Gerald Hardy, the present Master, Mr. J. C. Munro, has been very successful, both in the field and in the kennels, high honours having been won by the pack at the Peterborough Show.

Harriers, Beagles, and Staghounds

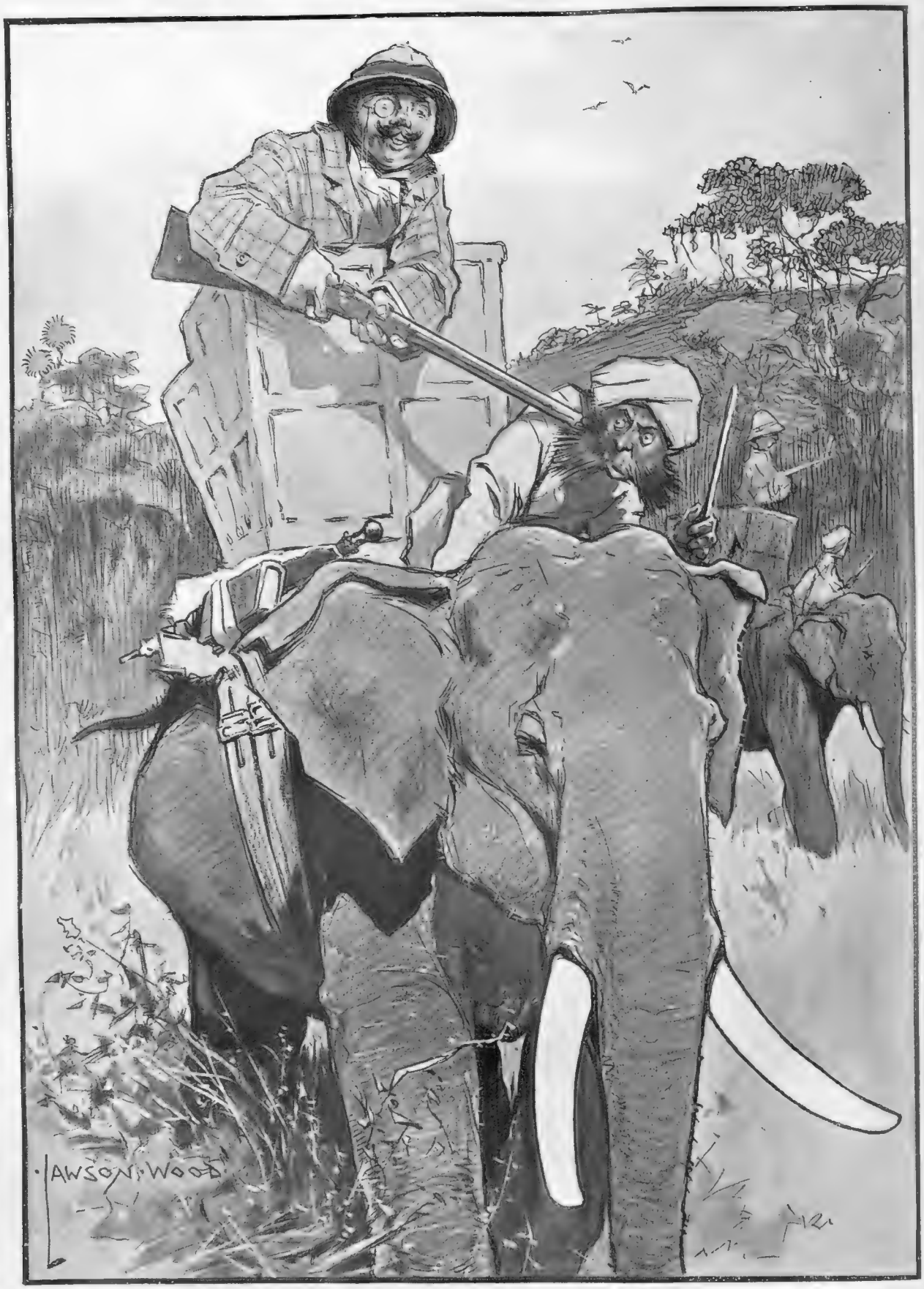
Our remaining illustrations include a unique effort in action-photography, showing the Halstead Beagles hard on the track of their hare, and the West Street Harriers, of which Mr. A. ffrench Blake, formerly associated with the pack, became Master at the beginning of the present season. The Oxenholme Staghounds provide good sport in Westmoreland, while the Tipperary Foxhounds are one of the best-known packs in Ireland, and have been hunted since 1887 by Mr. Richard Burke. A. W. C.

[Advertisement.]—GLOVES UNAFFECTED BY WET.—A glove, intended primarily for driving and riding, and called the "Quorn Hunt" Glove, which is claimed to be unaffected by wet, is being made by Mr. Macintosh, 89, New Street, Birmingham. It is hand-sewn, with double thread, and has been adopted by most masters of foxhounds etc. It is the cheapest and best glove made for Hunting, the price being 2*s*. 11*d*., or 3*s*. post free.

The West Street Harriers opened the season at Elvington Court, Eythorne. Mr. A. ffrench Blake is Master and Huntsman

(*Competition photo by* E. H. H. D'Aeth, *Folkestone. Prize*, 5*s*.)

The Juggins in the Jungle

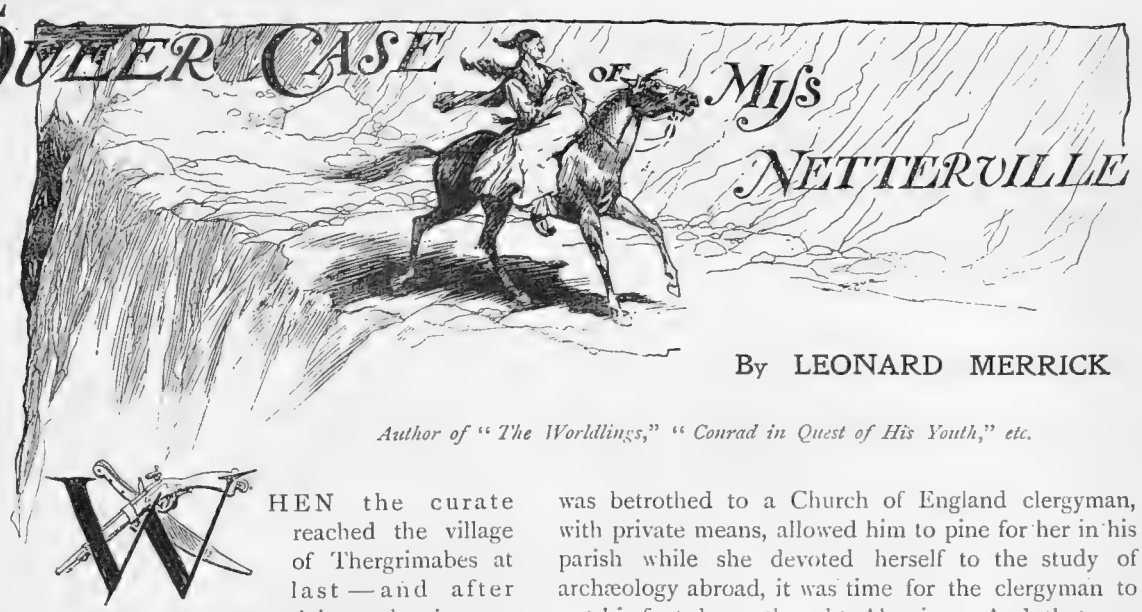


THE JUGGINS (*excitedly*): "Bai Jove, I'll make certain of killing something when I *do* fire"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

OUR SHORT STORY

THE OUTER CASE OF MISS NETTERVILLE



By LEONARD MERRICK

Author of "The Worldlings," "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," etc.

WHEN the curate reached the village of Thergrimabes at last—and after Athens the journey had been extremely trying—he gathered that Miss Netterville was out. As it was six months since they had met, and he had written to her that he was coming, her fiancé was extremely vexed.

The innkeeper had laid eager hands on the portmanteau, and the traveller signed to him imperatively to put it down; "No, no," he exclaimed, "I must sleep somewhere else—if there's another inn to be found in the hole!" He remembered that it was useless to inquire for one in English. "Upon my word," he added mentally, "it's most annoying! Of course, we can't both lodge in the same house, and none of these peasants will understand a word I say. How very tiresome to be sure! Really, it's most inconsiderate of Gertrude to be out when I arrive! I shall have to be very firm with her; I see that I shall have to speak even more strongly than I intended!"

It was mid-day, and the sun was blazing; the straggling white road baked under his dusty boots. The heat, and the thought that Miss Netterville would probably return to luncheon—to say nothing of the difficulty of seeking accommodation without an interpreter—decided the curate to remain for a while. "A lemon-squash," he commanded, at a venture, "bring me a lemon-squash!" And then, as the order produced only smiles and shrugs, he raised a hand to his mouth with a gesture which he felt to be rather Southern and graceful.

The landlord responded volubly, and though he brought wine instead, the Rev. Aloysius Ames was too thirsty and fatigued to make objections to it. He sat in a little vine-clad arbour, with the wine on a bench, and his portmanteau at his side, and was much inclined to wish that he hadn't left Bedfordshire. The situation was undignified from first to last, he felt. It was no less than three years now since Gertrude had promised to be his wife, and their marriage had been delayed by nothing but the scientific coldness of the young woman's disposition. When a girl who was betrothed to a Church of England clergyman, with private means, allowed him to pine for her in his parish while she devoted herself to the study of archæology abroad, it was time for the clergyman to put his foot down, thought Aloysius. And that was what he had travelled from Bedfordshire to do.

Meanwhile, Miss Netterville was trudging along the road to greet him, with a frown on her intellectual brow. She was quite aware that she was treating him unfairly, and surmised pretty shrewdly what he had come to say, and it would all be a great bore. The idea of marriage had never attracted her at any time; Man—otherwise than prehistoric—had always been rather repellent to her than the reverse; and she wondered why she had been weak enough to disturb her life by becoming engaged. She approached the arbour with no enthusiasm.

"Hallo, Al!" she said; "I didn't expect you so early. Have you been here long?"

"I've been here the best part of an hour," replied Aloysius. "It was disappointing to find you were not at home. Well, how are you, Gertrude? Aren't you going to kiss me?"

She inclined a cheek awkwardly—such physical expressions of good feeling were distasteful to her—and stared at the portmanteau;

"What did you bring your bag out here for?" she asked. "Why didn't you take it upstairs?"

"Upstairs?" echoed the curate; "It must be taken to another hotel! But I can't speak to these people—I had to wait till you came in."

"I'm afraid that there's nothing else resembling an hotel for miles," she said; "Thergrimabes is rather primitive, you know."

"It seems so primitive that I'm dismayed to find you in it; but, with all your contempt for the conventions, I suppose you don't want us to be talked about? Surely you understand that it's out of the question for us both to sleep under the same roof, in the circumstances?"

"Oh, my dear Aloysius," she cried, "please! Spare me the artificialities! Go to one of the goatherds' cottages, if any of them has a bed to offer, and you care to lie in it, but don't talk to me as if I were an *ingénue* in Bedfordshire—I've got beyond that sort

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

of thing. Have they given you anything to eat? Lunch'll be ready directly—we may as well go inside."

"Gertrude," he began strenuously, "I've something to say to you, and it's just as well to say it at once. Your letters haven't been very satisfactory—over and over again you've left a question of mine unanswered. We've been engaged for three years now, and I want you to fix a day for our wedding. Will you marry me next month?"

"Next month? Oh, no, it's impossible!"

"But why? Frankly, dear, I am losing patience. Why is it always 'impossible'? Marriage needn't interfere with your work—you can write quite as easily when we're married as you do now."

"In Bedfordshire?" she said, with a fine smile.

"I don't approve of the tone in which you mention Bedfordshire!" exclaimed Aloysius; "I presume that a book may be written in Bedfordshire as well as in Thergrimabes, or in Egypt, or any other of the remote places that you've a craze for? The whole thing is preposterous. It looks a little like affectation. It would be preposterous for a girl of twenty-eight to roam about the world unprotected, in any case——"

"Unprotected?" she echoed, "unprotected? You are talking a language that I've forgotten! Really, your notions are the most antique things in Greece!"

"I say that it would be preposterous for a young girl to roam about the world alone, in any case—you might be robbed and murdered here—and, considering that you're engaged to me, it's more preposterous still. It puts me in a very false position. And it's not an easy matter to explain. People have begun to talk!"

"In Bedfordshire?" she inquired again.

"Yes, in Bedfordshire!—and they would talk in Bloomsbury, or Belgravia, or anywhere else. It's not proper, Gertrude, it is thought very improper indeed. You must remember that you are young and pretty, and——"

"Oh, don't!" she said wearily. "What an odious word! I'm not accustomed to consider my personal appearance, but I do trust that I'm not 'pretty.'"

"My sister often says that you would be extremely pretty," returned Aloysius, "if you didn't strain your hair back, and paid more attention to your clothes But your prettiness is not the point; the main thing is our engagement—you haven't the right to behave like this, you aren't free to indulge your eccentricities, you owe a duty to Me!"

Miss Netterville lit a cigarette, and gazed thoughtfully across a mulberry tree. Characteristically, she had made no change in her costume on the day of her lover's arrival—and she had stated a fact when she declared herself indifferent to her appearance as a rule; but, in spite of the ill-fitting blouse, the unbecomingly-dressed blonde hair, in spite even of the coldly intellectual eyes, she looked a desirable woman. A psychologist might have thought she looked also a woman with potentialities. But Aloysius was not a psychologist; he saw only the obvious—and not the whole of that.

"Of course I am to blame," she said at last. "I know. But then I never pretended to the kind of temperament that you admire. To me, my paramount duty must always be my work; to you, my paramount duty is to do the sort of thing that any other woman could do equally well. It is curious that I appeal to you! To be quite candid, love in its physical aspects is unpleasant to me, quite apart from the fact that marriage would be an abominable hindrance to my studies. I have no gift for domesticity; the prospect of district-visiting appals me, and tea-parties bore me to death. And I have no leaning towards maternity. I oughtn't to have promised to marry at all—I have more important things to do in my life. There are shoals of women capable of adding to the world's population, but the women capable of adding to its store of knowledge are comparatively few."

"You are expressing yourself very strangely," muttered the curate, "very strangely, indeed! If I understand you, you are breaking our engagement off?"

"I don't want to be unkind," she said, "but I am quite sure that you ought to do better."

"That is a matter on which you must allow me to judge for myself—on which I did judge for myself when I proposed to you. I could certainly wish that you held more feminine views—and that you did not express the views that you do hold with such unusual bluntness—but, for good or ill, I love you. You must admit that to break off our engagement after all this time would be to treat me cruelly? I really don't know what I could say to people!"

"You could say that you had given me up—everybody would consider you were quite justified."

"I am not in the habit of telling falsehoods, Gertrude; I should have to acknowledge that you had thrown me over—at the end of three years, after I had travelled to Greece to see you; I had looked forward to a tenderer conclusion to the journey, I must say!" He, too, regarded the mulberry tree. "I—I am not unreasonable, I quite appreciate your interest in your work—archæology is a very edifying subject, I am sure, and——"

Miss Netterville made a gesture of impatience. "Please don't patronise the Ages! You mean well, but it's irritating."

"I was about to explain that if next month would be inconvenient to you on literary grounds, I would cheerfully wait until the month after," said Aloysius, with pained surprise. "Let us both make concessions—let us say in two months' time! Eh, dearest? We have both let our tongues run away with us, haven't we—both been a little hasty? What do you say? You shall share my study—you shall have your own shelves in it! Only the other day I was looking at a little bamboo desk in the High Street, and thinking how admirably it would suit you. *I'd* write my sermons while *you* wrote your book, and sometimes we might turn round and read each other what we had done. Wouldn't it be cosy now? Doesn't it sound pleasant?"

She shuddered, and nerved herself for a supreme effort:

"Al!" she stammered, "it has been a shocking mistake; I can't marry you!"

And the curate did not sleep anywhere at all in Thergrimabes—he left it the same evening. When he bade her "Good-bye," he said, "I have released you from your promise, Gertrude, because you forced me to do so; but I shan't cease to long for you, and if you ever change your mind, you must let me know. Think things over after I have gone—I shall always be hoping to hear from you." Then he climbed into the crazy vehicle, and was jolted over the white road again—a disconsolate figure beside the portmanteau that had not been unpacked—and Miss Netterville went moodily to her work.

Thergrimabes consists of its dilapidated inn and a sprinkling of hovels. Half-naked children swarm in the dust, and beg of any misguided tourist who

He swept the strings with an impatient hand, and broke into a serenade

DRAWN BY S. SPURRIER *(To Illustrate our Short Story)*

happens to stray there from the towns beyond; goat-herds, dignified in their rags, roll cigarettes pensively, and prematurely old women occasionally appear at the doors and shade their eyes in the sun. These are the only signs of activity in Thergrimabes. For the rest, you have silence and the mountains.

Miss Netterville made many expeditions up the mountains; equipped with a scribbling block and a fountain pen, she often wrote among them. One evening—she was nearing the end of the eleventh chapter, and Aloysius had been gone about a month—she heard the slow sound of hoofs. Two quaintly garbed men were riding down the track. They had evidently just observed her, and as she turned, one of them waved his sombrero to her, with an impudent smile. He was the taller of the pair, a swarthy, handsome fellow, with laughing eyes, and a big moustache that curled above full, sensual lips. She bent over her manuscript again, with a frown, wondering why his glance had affected her so queerly.

The men quickened their pace, and then dismounted and advanced to her. Her emotion was pure fear now; she got up, trembling.

"There is nothing to do—she is alone!" said the smaller of the two—a weedy villain, with a squint.

"You will find you have more to do than you think," she said, coolly; "I am armed."

"So you understand Greek, do you?" exclaimed his companion. "That's all the better—I like a girl to be able to talk to me! You are going to have a ride with me, my beauty. If you don't come quietly, I shall have to be rough! How is it to be?"

He learnt how it was to be at once; Miss Netterville struck at the handsome face straight from the shoulder—throwing her body into the blow with capital effect—and took to flight as he reeled back. But the next instant he rushed after her; he seized her before she had covered a dozen yards. Now there was no chance to strike him—an arm flung round her held her fast, and she could only scream for help. He swung her off her feet, and stumbled with her towards the saddle. His labouring breath was in her face, but his eyes laughed into her own, though the blood that she had drawn was trickling round his mouth. As he rode off with her, crushed against him, she could feel the heaving of his breast under her cheek. They rode some distance with her cheek strained against his breast before he spoke.

"*Anathema ton!* what a spitfire you are!" he panted. "Look what your fist has done! Don't you think you owe me a kiss for that?'

"You brute," she gasped, "I'd like to kill you!"

"You're a regular devil of a woman—I didn't know they made them like you with that coloured hair."

"You're hurting my arm," she moaned. "I can't bear it any longer!"

"Will you sit still if I don't hold so tight?"

"I couldn't escape even if I jumped off."

"That's true," said the brigand, "but I don't want the job of getting you up again. If I had your weight in gold, my dear, I'd lead an easy life!" He slackened his grasp a little, and flashed his bold, impudent smile at her—the smile that had shamed her so hotly when she first saw him. "Come, it's not disagreeable to be hugged by a man? Own up! It would be very shocking if you could help it, but you can't—remind yourself that you're not to blame, and then you can have a good time!"

"Where are you taking me?"

"To my hotel," said the facetious outlaw.

"What do you mean?"

"Call it a 'cave' if you like—I'm not proud, and I have a fancy for a quiet spot. But there's room enough for you in it—and food and wine. We'll have a bottle together. Don't look so frightened! I'll release you safe and sound when the ransom is paid, I take my oath."

Miss Netterville stared into the twilight. She might tell him that there was no one to ransom her; but if he believed the statement, he would probably be reckless how he treated her, she thought; her only safeguard was to leave him the illusion that her safety would be heavily paid for.

"How much do you demand?"

"I shall open my mouth jolly wide. You are a pretty woman—you would be very vexed if I put a low price on you!" He broke into a roar of laughter, and clasped her more caressingly.

His good humour was not without a reassuring effect. The scoundrel was very human, and her horror of him had partially subsided. Indeed, as they rode on in this close embrace, she marvelled that she could bear the ignominy of it with such fortitude.

It was a long ride; her thoughts wandered in it, and curious fancies crossed her mind. She thought of Aloysius, and wished that he were different. It occurred to her that it would be pleasant to be clasped to Aloysius like this—always supposing that he were different—and then she reflected that the ride itself would be pleasant if the brigand were a gentleman, and their embrace were right. Insensibly she yielded to it more and more. It grew less repugnant to her, and even——. With a shock she realised what she had been feeling, and shivered with self-disgust.

"We have arrived," said the brigand; he carried her inside. "It is nice to carry you, now that you don't struggle," he added.

On entering, she was plunged into darkness so intense that she could discern nothing whatever. Then she found herself borne into a cave illumined by pendant oil-lamps, and furnished with considerable comfort. Beyond was a second cleft of light, and she perceived that the cave resembled a suite of rooms communicating with one another by means of apertures in the rock. The man who had assisted in her capture rejoined her now, and three others appeared, who saluted her with quiet satisfaction. There was no excitement, no hint of violence; to her surprise, her reception was as formal as if she had arrived at an inn—as formally as innkeepers the brigands prepared to keep her prisoner.

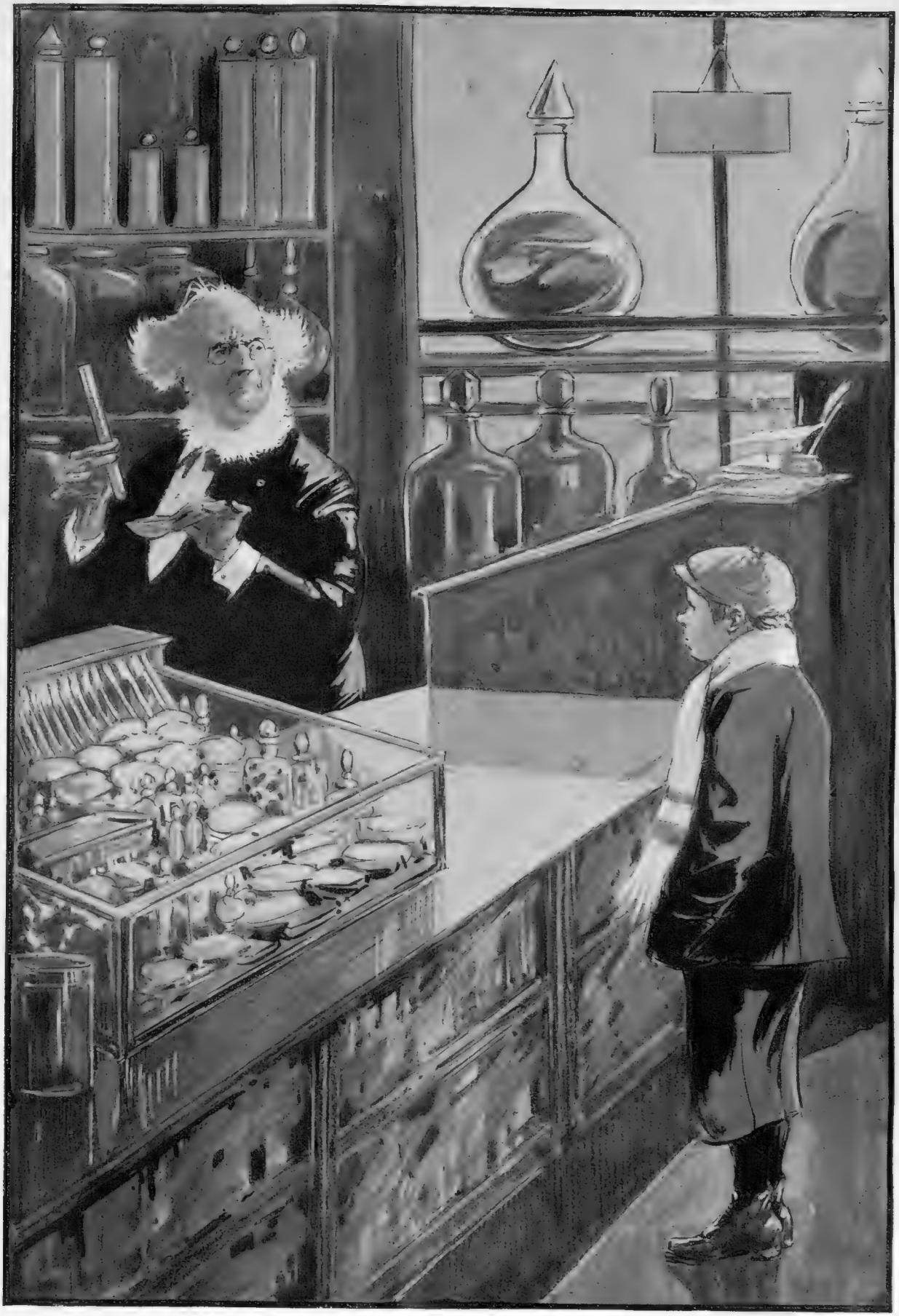
Excepting the Captain! The Captain, as has been seen, did his business with *bonhomie*. If not "the mildest mannered man that ever cut a throat," at least he was the most jovial. No gallant ever filled a lady's glass, or peeled her figs, with more consideration, and when he told the company how valiantly she had defended herself, he testified to her prowess with so much humour that she couldn't restrain a smile.

At the same time, it was with no little trepidation that she found herself alone with him again when the meal finished. It proved necessary to confess that she had no friends in the country with whom he could communicate, and, moreover, that none of her friends in England were in a position to ransom her; he twirled his moustache thoughtfully when she explained.

"No lover?" he questioned. "Rubbish, you musn't tell me that you have no lover—a woman like you!"

"It is true," she declared.

(Continued on page 400



THINGS WHICH ARE EQUAL TO THE SAME THING

URCHIN: "Please, sir, farver don't seem any better for this 'ere powder, 'e seems worse"

CHEMIST: "Dear me, dear me: were you careful to give him only as much as went on a threepenny-piece?"

URCHIN: "Yessir. Leastways, muvver 'adn't got a frippeny-bit, so she put it on three pennies"

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT

(Continued from page 398)

"Nor a husband?"

"No; I was to have married, but I changed my mind."

"*Diabole!* he had no blood in his veins, or he would have carried you off, like me! Well, it seems that I have made a bungle, eh? Women are all liars, but every man is a fool once, and I believe you! So I have had a punch in the face for nothing? That's a nice thing!"

"I have a watch on," she suggested; "you can take that if you like." It was a little Swiss watch that had cost thirty shillings. He looked at it, and gave a shrug.

"Is that what you offer me to let you go? I think you are worth more."

"I have nothing else to offer. Besides, although I haven't any friends to pay a ransom, there are plenty of people to miss me; the search might not do me much good, but it would probably end in your being shot. As you can't hope to make any money by me, you'd be wise to set me free!"

"You have brains, too, under that lovely hair," he remarked, appreciatively. "May I offer you a cigarette?"

"No," she said; but she eyed the packet wistfully, and wished that her case were in her pocket.

"Now you are being a little donkey! Why should I wait to drug you with a cigarette when I could tap you on the head with one of these?" He touched the pistols in the sash wound round his sturdy waist. "You see I am smoking them myself—take your choice among the lot!"

Miss Netterville and the brigand smoked in silence for a few moments. Then—

"Every man is a fool once," he repeated meditatively, "but there must be a limit to his folly. If I set you free like this, what sort of ass would you think me? No better than the wooer who let you change your mind!"

"I should think you had acted like a brave and generous fellow!"

"Ah, you want to flatter me into it, you cunning cat!" he said. "Do you know that I could love you desperately, my beauty with the yellow hair? I believe I fell in love with you when I felt your fist! I like you for having hit me—I should like you to hit me again. Come and hit me again, beauty with the yellow hair—or sing me a love song! Do you sing?"

"No," she murmured.

"It's a pity, for you are a passionate woman—you would have sung well. Why did you start?"

She had started to discover that this bandit knew her better than she had known herself until an hour ago. "I didn't start," she answered.

"Fire has no heat, and there is no water in the rivers," he rejoined; "all things are as the right woman says! So you did not start, beauty, though you have shaken the ash of your cigarette on to your knees! Well, *I* will sing to *you*, instead. I will sing at your feet, while my poor comrades have only their cards to play with! It is good to be the Captain sometimes—it is good to-night."

He swept the strings with an impatient hand, and broke into a serenade. The deep voice was untrained, but rich and sweet. After the first surprise, Miss Netterville forgot who it was that sang—it was an artist on the stage, a lover below a window; almost it was her own lover whom she loved! The music knocked at her heart, and no trace of the smile that discomfited her so much was on the handsome face now—sentiment idealised the ruffian.

When he finished she was very pale.

"Are *you* as cold as the woman of the song?" he whispered.

"Yes," she muttered, "I *am* as cold."

"You lie," he cried; "you love me!"—and the next instant she snatched a pistol from his sash;

"I'll kill myself!" she gasped.

She thought her wrist was broken as she dropped the weapon. He picked it up, and paced the cave with agitation, smiting his chest, and ejaculating. Meanwhile, the English lady marvelled why she didn't loathe him.

"Will you go?" he exclaimed, suddenly. "You shall go now, if you wish it; I swear you shall be guided back! I love you; I adore you; I implore you to stay! Do you wish to go?"

She bowed her head—"I wish to go."

He called to the men, and she heard their wonderment, their departing footsteps—at last the clip-clop sound of hoofs outside. All this time the Captain had stood brooding silently; now he raised his head, and she saw with emotion that tears were in his eyes.

"Good-bye, *zoe mou*," he said.

"Oh!" she faltered. "Did you *really* love me then?"

He opened his arms, and Miss Netterville gave herself to them with impetuous lips.

"All is ready for the lady!" came the shout.

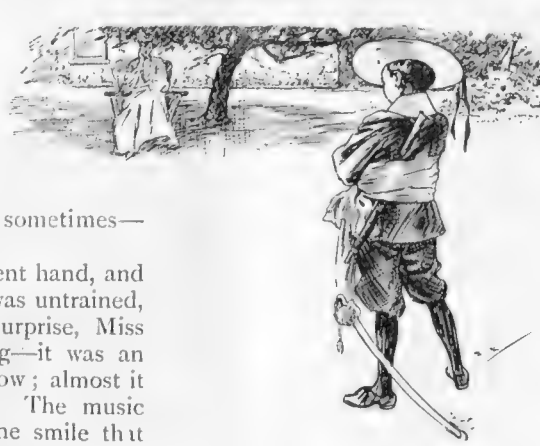
"They are waiting for you," said the brigand sadly.

"There—there's no hurry," Miss Netterville heard herself reply.

Before she left him he assured her that her escort might be trusted—and no mishap befell her on the road. But she had lost her nerve; a few days later she returned to England, and—perhaps she no longer considered protection so superfluous—she married Aloysius the following month, though she did not deem it necessary to inform him of her adventure.

They have been married for some years now, and get on together as well as most people. Aloysius has obtained an excellent living, and they have a little son who engrosses his mother's attention to the exclusion of archæology. If it were not for her son's favourite game, the vicar's wife might think less often of her strange experience; but, as boys will, the child tilts his straw hat like a sombrero, and sticks a pop-gun in his sash, and pretends that the summer-house is the "brigands' cave." At such times, Aloysius remarks humorously that a little brigand is inappropriate to a vicarage garden. And the lady's eyes are wide.

LEONARD MERRICK.



THE END

The Connoisseur.

LEATHER WORK, ANTIQUE AND MODERN

Mirror-case of punched black leather

A recent application of the fifteenth-century "cuir bouilli" treatment: Modern English

From the time when our nomadic forefathers first added ornamental trappings to their bare-backed horses, ever since the days when the earliest Tartar and Mogul heroes lightly turned their thoughts to decoration, leather has proved a willing medium for the furtherance of a most interesting branch of ornamental art.

Through many ages Europe has borrowed from the Orient in this connection. Spain and Portugal, through the Moors, have made the decoration of leather their particular conquest. The name "Cordwainer," even, is said to be derived from Cordova, and at one time the monopoly of everything connected with leather work seemed to belong to the Peninsula. But, as M. Georges de Récy points out in his exhaustive and finely illustrated work, "The Decoration of Leather" (freely and cleverly translated by Miss Nathan: Constables), other countries did more than imitate the skill of old Castile.

Venetian Modelled and Stamped Leathers

Venice, in the days of her greatness, used the modelled and stamped leathers, introduced like so many of her decorative arts from the East. In the middle ages, in Germany, leather was found to be an excellent material for artistic use, and the embossed examples preserved at Dijon go to prove that great interest was taken in leather work by the decorative school of the Court of Burgundy. At this time, too, with the beginnings of the enfranchisement of learning, the coverings made of enamels, and gold, and ivory, for the manuscripts executed by the monks, gave place to carved and modelled leather. Even in our own day, when most of the early applied arts have fallen victims to an age of machinery, leather work is pursued with increasing enthusiasm. To those who desire some technical knowledge of the craft, some insight into materials and the method of working, and some history also of the great periods, the present volume—to which Miss Nathan adds several new and instructive illustrations—offers a most pleasing guide and handbook. The first example we reproduce shows one of those cases of very general use among the people of importance in the fifteenth century. Each of these contained a folding knife, spoon, and fork. These compact and useful aids to digestion were often of finely wrought and inlaid steel and silver, but they were also beautiful without as well as within.

Case used for knife, fork, and spoon

Cut and punched leather: German, fifteenth century

Leather binding, German. MS. Chronicle of Events, fifteenth century

Cut and engraved, with punched background

Leather Work Three Hundred Years Old

Those examples which we have had the advantage of handling—in the collection of Dr. Jobson Horne—and those which are easily observed in the museums, show how careful and skilful were the craftsmen who made them, and how little the passage of three centuries of time has done to harm them.

The brown leather binding shown in the second photograph is a very characteristic example of cut and engraved German work of a date somewhere about 1640, but it is difficult to reproduce the actual detail effectively. The mirror-case with cord brings us to our own time. It reminds us that, although the delight in beautiful objects of every-day use has passed away for the present, it may return to us at no distant period, when, increased by the wise use of machinery, the results may be even more potent and enduring than of old. E. M.

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle." (Pitman and Sons. 2 vols.: 28*s.* net.)

"The Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter." By Theodore Roosevelt. (Longmans: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Secret of the Totem." By Andrew Lang. (Maclehose: 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Burlesque Napoleon." By P. W. Sergeant. (Werner Laurie: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"An Outlander in England." By J. H. M. Abbott. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

NOVELS

"Soprano: A Portrait." By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Man from America." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Smith Elder: 6*s.*)

"The Speculations of John Steele." By Robert Barr. (Chatto: 6*s.*)

"The Cherry Ribband." By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder: 6*s.*)

A book just published by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons (two vols.; 28*s.* net.), and entitled "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," will, without doubt, be particularly interesting to Thackeray lovers, for, not only are there many new anecdotes, but many hitherto unpublished drawings of the great novelist included. There are also anecdotes about a number of other people whom everyone knows—the Tennysons, Hallams, Lyttletons, and Kembles, Wellington, Gladstone, Browning, Carlyle, and a host of others. The book is based almost entirely upon family journals and papers which, until now, have never seen the light, and amongst the rest there are some new letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Altogether, this is as pleasant a volume of literary chit-chat as one could wish for, and will please the general reader no less than the Thackeray student. While on this subject, we are prompted to mention a delightful edition of "Esmond," just published by Messrs. Macmillan, which contains illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson. Those who remember Mr. Thomson's delightful line drawings for the editions of "Cranford" and "The Vicar of Wakefield," published by the same firm, will quickly avail themselves of this opportunity to secure another series of his happy illustrations, characterised as they are by all that delicacy and grace which renders his treatment of eighteenth-century subjects so charming. "Austin Dobson in line" was the thought that came uppermost after a perusal of this tempting volume, the price of which is only six shillings.

Jane Octavia Brookfield at the age of 30

From a Painting by George Richmond, R.A.

(Reproduced from "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle" by kind permission of Messrs. Pitman and Sons)

The world has ceased to marvel at President Roosevelt's wonderful energy. How he finds time to act the rôle of the best President America has had in recent years, and also to write history, biography, hunting sketches, and make original contributions to natural history, is too great a puzzle to think out. He does do so, however, and there, with a gape of wonderment, we must let the matter rest. His new book, "The Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter" (Longmans: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.), is at once a book of adventure and a text-book on zoology. In that crisp, terse English, pregnant with the strenuousness which he personifies, the President shows us in this book that he is everything we give him credit for being—a sportsman from head to heel, a man of resolute courage and daring, and one of the best companions, in spite of his exalted position, that ever supped round a camp-fire. This is the sort of thing the book is full of:—

> On but one occasion was I ever regularly charged by a grizzly. To this animal I had given a mortal wound, and without any effort at retaliation, he bolted into a thicket of what, in my hurry, I thought was laurel (it being composed, in reality, I suppose, of thick-growing berry bushes). On my following him and giving him a second wound, he charged very determinedly, taking two more bullets without flinching. I just escaped the charge by jumping to one side, and he died almost immediately after striking at me as he rushed by. This bear charged with his mouth open, and made very little noise after the growl or roar with which he greeted my second bullet.

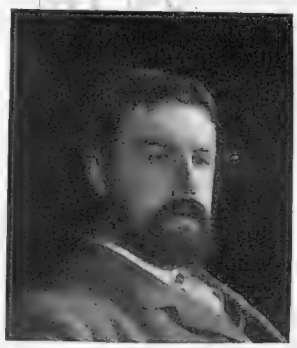
Thus, although his very life was in danger, the intrepid "Teddy" was cool enough to notice that the bear's mouth was not shut, from which he proceeds to make several deductions of interest to the naturalist. With a book like this in hand time passes quickly, and those to whom winter evenings bring *ennui* should get it at once.

G. F. J.

An Australian on Ourselves

Up-to-date criticism of himself is always welcome to the patient, phlegmatic Britisher, and therefore we hail with the usual joy "An Outlander in England" (Methuen: 6*s.*), by the Australian author, Mr. J. H. M. Abbott. The strenuous man from "down under" is not, as a rule, at his nicest when discussing John Bull. Of the old country they think but little down below, and think that little loud, and, in fact, twisting the lion's tail, once the sole prerogative of the Americans, is now quite a habit

of the little people in the big south-sea island. Quite a different tone, however, pervades Mr. Abbott's volume. Here is no "spread-eagle" critic, no hustling John Bull-baiter. There is in Mr. Abbott's description of English life a real literary feeling, a genuine philosophy, and a good deal of epigram. The Englishman new to Australia is known as a "new chum." "By Jove! This is where they breed 'em" is, says Mr. Abbott, an Australian's first impression of England—a land where everybody is a "new chum" except oneself! Of the vastness of London, its solitude, its beauty, its ugliness, he writes with graceful impressionism. Of our King, and our loyalty towards him, he is analytical, and decidedly pointed. An Englishman, he says in effect, speaks of Edward VII. as a god in one breath, and a "good bloke" in the next—an amazing compound of idolatry and familiarity! Of our House of Commons he is only mildly enthusiastic; of our Army, he is on the verge of despair; of our Navy his admiration is unstinted. He is amazed at our wealth, vividly horrified at our poverty. He is enthusiastic about Liverpool and Manchester, and their industry and munificence. Altogether, Mr. Abbott runs the whole gamut of emotion in his survey of England, but never once do we think of him as any other than a friendly critic. He is really one of ourselves. What he says about us is what we have all along been thinking, only, in our true British way, we like some other fellow to be the first to say it.



Mr. S. R. Crockett

Whose latest novel, "The Cherry Ribband," has just been published

Photo by] **At Dinner** [*Philip B. Stewart*

From "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," by Theodore Roosevelt
(*By kind permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.*)

Mr. Marion Crawford's "Soprano"

The psychology of the *prima donna* is a deservedly popular theme with modern novelists, and many books of late years have treated of the conflicting emotions, the moral questionings of the beautiful woman with the beautiful voice. In the hands of Mr. Marion Crawford, with his almost incomparable knowledge of cosmopolitan life and his graceful humour, the theme is sure of interesting treatment, and "Soprano—a Portrait" (Macmillan: 6*s.*) is in no way disappointing. "Soprano" herself, Miss Margaret Donne ("La Cordova"), is refreshingly free from mawkish prudishness, and conducts her inevitable love-affairs with full knowledge of the number of beans that may be supposed to make five behind the scenes of the operatic stage. There is an admirably smooth villain in the guise of Logotheti, a Greek Crœsus, a delightful "supreme" *donna* in *La Bonanni*, and uite a quaint study in Lushington, a too youthful, too successful, too industrious, critic. The story is extremely bright, and happens mostly in Paris. It is Mr. Crawford in his lighter vein, which spells pleasure to the reader.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

The Modern Novel

Whatever may be said with truth about the lack of great writers to-day, as compared with twenty or thirty years ago, there can be no manner of doubt as to the general excellence of the body of contemporary fiction. It is vastly superior to any standard that has ever obtained since the novel rose into favour. I do not believe that "the dead have all the glory of the world," and I am certainly of opinion that at no past time in the history of our literature has so much native talent been devoted to reactive literature. The fact that so many of our novels are doomed to lives of butterfly briefness is but stronger proof of the high level which the art of fiction has reached. So, at least, I am inclined to think when I find my table laden with the latest works of such competent novelists as Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, Mrs. Edith Wharton, "M. E. Francis," Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Charles Garvice—to mention but a very few of the many whose books have come my way within the last eight or ten days.

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture

This really graceful writer, who has succeeded so admirably in realising for us in fiction that "far-away," dreamy charm of rustic Devon, quite startles us with the title of her latest novel, "The Man from America" (Smith Elder: 6*s.*). Has she deserted her own delightful field? you ask. Not a bit of it! Although Iron Brett comes from America, he speedily finds his way to Devonshire, where the engaging little comedy is enacted with all that daintiness which is characteristic of Mrs. de la Pasture's work. As a rule, she is not quite so successful with her male characters as she is with her women folk. This was especially noticeable in "Deborah of Tod's," but one of the real successes of her latest book is her sympathetic study of an old French vicomte. The other male figures are all deftly drawn, and the whole marks a distinct advance in craftsmanship over her previous work, not excluding "Peter's Mother." Mrs. de la Pasture, by the way, is something of a cosmopolitan in her interests, having been born in Naples, where her grandfather was British Consul-General, and resided a good deal on the Continent, her father

having been Consul at Calais. Her husband's father is a descendant of one of the French *emigré* nobles who escaped the guillotine during the Terror. One of her books, "A Toy Tragedy," has had the distinction of being produced in raised type for blind readers.

"M. E. Francis"

There are some points of resemblance between the work of Mrs. de la Pasture and that of the lady who writes under the *nom de plume* of "M. E. Francis" (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Both are happy in their outlook on life; take the same pleasure in introducing us to clean, wholesome people; have the feeling for romance; and are clearly in love with the local scenes amidst which they lay their stories. Their territories, also, "march" together; for while the one is true to Devon, the other is no less devoted to Dorset. Mrs. Blundell, in her manner, is more inclined to the idyll, and even when she does not quite convince us of the realness of her characters, as in her latest novel, "Wild Wheat" (Longmans: 6*s*.), yet she does not fail to charm us with the idyllic grace of her story. It has that pastoral sweetness which we find in all her works, and is certainly one of the new books to place on your library list. Mrs. Blundell resides at the Manor House of Blandford, in the heart of "Dorset Dear."

Mr. Robert Barr

The celebrated Anglo-American novelist, whose new novel of modern American life, "The Speculations of John Steele," has just been published

Mr. Crockett's Latest

Mr. S. R. Crockett is one of my favourites, and I have no patience with the "niggling" critics who are fond of lecturing him for writing too much. The novelist who fusses over one book for two or three years is not necessarily a better writer than he who gives us three or four in the same time. Had Shakespeare been alive and writing to-day, the *Daily Chronicle* would, doubtless, have drawn attention to his scandalous fertility in producing a masterpiece every six months! How it would have lectured Dumas and poor Sir Walter on the same score! Whether it is "good business" for a novelist, so thoroughly in love with his craft as Mr. Crockett, to write as he listeth, does not concern me. Enough that he is an author who can always be relied upon for a good story; indeed, he has no superior in the art of telling a tale. That he is not always at his best, I readily admit, and it is true he is not at his best in "The Cherry Ribband" (Hodder: 6*s*.). This is, to me, the more surprising, as he is essentially at home in dealing with the Covenanting days in Scotland, and his interest in Peden the Prophet, through the acknowledged master of his own literary style, Patrick Walker, is of very long standing. It is not in manner so much as in construction that he falls short of himself, displaying at times a tendency to somewhat melodramatic effects. This notwithstanding, there is excellent matter in "The Cherry Ribband," and if it does not rise to the romance level of "Men of the Moss Haggs," or to the pastoral felicity of "The Lilac Sunbonnet," it still remains a graphic and profitable tale.

Fiction and Finance

The novel of modern business is one of the most remarkable, and, in some ways, the most promising feature of American fiction. For it is at least a healthy thing that the novelist, whatever his method, should turn for his subjects to the life of the day with which he is presumably familiar. It was thus that the great masters of the past painted even their historical pieces, which, utterly wrong in costume, remain everlastingly right in feeling and character, since they were the outcome of personal observation. Certainly the novelist who essays to depict the life of our time must observe acutely, and if he is to succeed he must be no less imaginative than he is accurate. Some of the best American fiction that I have read seems to me to fill this bill, although, on the whole, it has not been popular on this side of the Atlantic, where the great possibilities of commerce and finance for fictional treatment seem to be only dimly realised by our popular novelists.

Mr. Robert Barr

In this connection one, of course, thinks instantly of the work of the late Frank Norris, which had an earnest and intense feeling that is, perhaps, lacking in such a book as "The Speculations of John Steele" (Chatto: 6*s*.), by Mr. Robert Barr. Yet, Mr. Barr's new novel is far from being a frivolous production. It may be because I seldom missed anything which he wrote in his old "Luke Sharp" days, that I always begin the reading of a book by him anticipating brightness rather than seriousness; but I never get far without remembering that this clever writer can provide both with equal facility. If his latest is not his best, it is certainly one of his most characteristic stories, and should rank high among those novels which deal with America's "Frenzied Finance." The story is full of dramatic interest, brightly told, and, I had almost said, as speedy as train Number Three, which, thanks to the sagacity of John Steele, thunders so finely through Hitchen's Siding in Chapter I., but that were an exaggeration. There is, at least, little "side-tracking," and one follows the marvellous career of Steele with breathless interest. The book is thoroughly American in spirit; but, of course, it is only in America that the novelist can find a background for a rural railway porter who is to become a millionaire and then a pauper, and yet in the end to win. At some points in Mr. Barr's story one is tempted to think he might have spelt Steele's surname differently!

Pigeons Worth their Weight in Gold

THE OPENING OF THE "SHOW" SEASON

[PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL]

By H. P. SCATLIFF

To the uninitiated the value of a pigeon is something between ninepence and sixteenpence, and so, perhaps, the statement that they may be worth their weight in gold sounds—well, to put it mildly—exaggerated. Yet it is strictly in accordance with fact.

For the last six or eight months some thousands of pigeon fanciers have been striving to produce what up to the present time has never been bred, viz., a perfect bird—perfect, that is to say, from the fanciers' standpoint.

What is known as the "Show season" is now upon us, and this will continue until about February of next year, during which period some hundreds of exhibitions will be held throughout the Kingdom, there being hardly a town (however small) in England which cannot boast of its "Grand Annual Show."

The "Great National Poultry and Pigeon Show" opened on Tuesday, November 7, and closed on the following Friday. As it is at this Show that the cream of the "fancy" puts in an appearance, it seems a convenient time to dilate upon some of the triumphs of the breeders' art which were to be seen at the Crystal Palace.

No less than between 4,000 and 5,000 pigeons were entered in the 365 classes provided, and the competition was in all cases most keen for the cups, trophies, and money prizes offered, which amounted in value to considerably over £1,500.

Pigeon Shows differ from most other live-stock exhibitions, inasmuch as there is no "ring," for the judges make their awards without knowing to whom the birds belong.

The way this is arranged is as follows: A label is forwarded to the exhibitor for each entry, upon which is a number, a pen is provided at the Show with a corresponding number, and when the exhibits arrive at the Show, the attendants have only to place the exhibit in its pen, where it remains during the Show, being subsequently transferred from the pen to its compartment in the basket and returned to the exhibitor. Naturally, the greatest care has to be exercised in the process, else the result would be chaos, but it is surprising how few mistakes are made when one considers the vast amount of labour involved.

Judging-book and Judging-stick

The preliminary arrangements having been made, the judge is handed his "judging-book" early on the first day of the Show, containing a list of his classes and the numbers only of the pens in each one.

Armed with this and a judging-stick only (a judging-stick is about eighteen inches long, with which to stir up the birds so that he may see their good, and bad, points) he is turned into the arena, and has to place the birds according to their merits.

It is a somewhat easy matter to an expert to "place" the birds at one of the smaller Shows, as generally one or two good ones stand out from the

A pigeon judge at work

Mr. J. N. Craig, from Scotland, making his final selection in the White Pouter Class. He has judged the three best birds in the Class, and is examining the length and limbs of one of them

Pigeons Worth Their Weight in Gold

others, but at a Show like the Crystal Palace, it is no sinecure, as in very many instances the birds are so close in quality that it requires the greatest care and knowledge to separate them.

The cult of pigeons includes, of course, many varieties. In this article I have endeavoured to introduce those classes best known, or which have been brought to such a state that high prices prevail. It is no exaggeration to say that pigeons are worth their weight in gold; indeed, when a special champion is produced he may be quite well worth his weight in gold twice over to a fancier who wants him.

I am indebted to Messrs. Russell and Co. (who took the greatest possible pains to enable me to produce the photographs of several of the birds, taken during the Show in their studio in the Palace) for the very excellent photo of one of the judges at work.

The judge in question is Mr. J. N Craig (from "across the Border"), who is making his final selection in the White Pouter class. He has decided that the three best birds in the class (the subsequent prizewinners, as there are three money prizes in each class) are those he has had taken from their respective pens and placed in the "walking pen," so that he may put them through their paces and finally place them in their correct order.

The "judging-book" already referred to is lying in the doorway of the walking pen, and the judge is handling one of the exhibits and examining the length of limb it possesses, which is an important feature in the breed.

The next photo is of the White "Carrier," the property of Mr. F. Nash, first in its class, and although in this case I was without the assistance of the judge of the variety, I am able to show a wonderfully good picture of the breed. The chief characteristics of the variety are length of neck and beak, and the abnormal warty growth on the latter, known as "wattle," and round the eyes known as "eye cere."

A White "Carrier"

A first prize winner, belonging to Mr. F. Nash. The chief characteristic is the length of its neck and beak, and the warty growth, or "wattle," upon the beak. Though called a "Carrier" these birds are no great fliers

Why these pigeon are called "Carriers" it is difficult to say, unless it be that one of the chief points is upright carriage, and they have also to carry about with them in the way of wattle much more than other more fortunate members of the Columbrarian race.

These pigeons are *not* the birds that carry letters and fly home from a distance, as many of the general public suppose; in fact, I should very much doubt whether some of the best ones could fly half a mile. The pigeon that flies home from a distance (sometimes as much as 400 miles) is nothing more or less than the pigeon one sees around our public buildings which is known as the "Flying Homer."

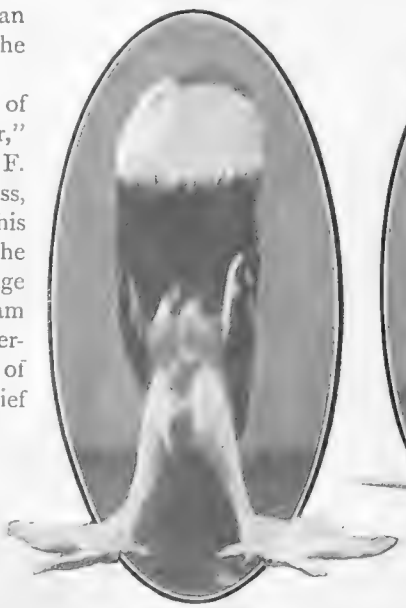
The Pouter pigeon is most extensively bred north of the Tweed, where it is generally known as the "King o' doos."

It took me nearly an hour, with the kind assistance of the judge (Mr. Craig), not to mention Messrs. Russell, to obtain a portrait of one of the winners in this section, but I am able to show two studies of one of the best birds of this variety in the Show, viz., the black-pied Pouter cock, which took first in his class, owned by Mr. A. K. Marr.

The chief characteristics of the breed are that the bird must be large (to distinguish it from the bantam of the Pouter world, viz., the Pigmy Pouter), very "upstanding," extremely slender in body or "girth," as it is termed, should possess long legs, feathered to the end of the toe, and last, but certainly not least, should have a large globular crop, which it fills with air, and from which the breed obtains its name.

When at rest or feeding, the bird deflates the crop, but when pleased it fills it with wind, and it was in this condition when the photo was taken.

When the crop is full of air, the bird struts and dances about, and presents a comical sight. He is rightly named the king of the pigeon world. This bird is catalogued at £100. This is, no doubt, a



"I don't want to see you"

Pouter Pigeon "snapped" full-face. Remarkable bird from Scotland. It has a large crop, slender body, long feathered legs, and a value of £50

"A fine bird am I? Ah! you fill me with pride"

Pouter Pigeon, profile. Another view of the same bird. When at rest or feeding it deflates its "crop," but when pleased it fills it with air, and struts and dances about

Pigeons Worth their Weight in Gold

"prohibitive price," but he is very probably worth more than half that sum.

The next photo is of two of the most successful Fantails in the Show. Almost everyone has seen specimens of this variety, but the "carriage" of the birds in question is superb. They are the property of Mr. W. Stevenson, of Beith, N.B., a very big winner at the Show.

I thought I could not do better than go to the fountain head, so, seeing that gentleman, I asked him to bring along his two best specimens. They both win a Challenge Cup, in addition to first in their respective classes. The bird on the left is what is known as a Red Saddle-backed Fantail, it having an extra property which is very difficult to obtain in perfection, viz., the wings, with the exception of the ten large or flight feathers, being of a darker shade, in this instance red.

Two successful Fantails

Both the property of Mr. W. Stevenson, of Beith, N.B., and winners of challenge cups and first prizes each. The left-hand bird is a red saddle-backed Fantail, with perfect wings and tail

I asked Mr. Stevenson what his birds were worth, and he said they were catalogued at £20 each, and that was his lowest price, and I quite believe it.

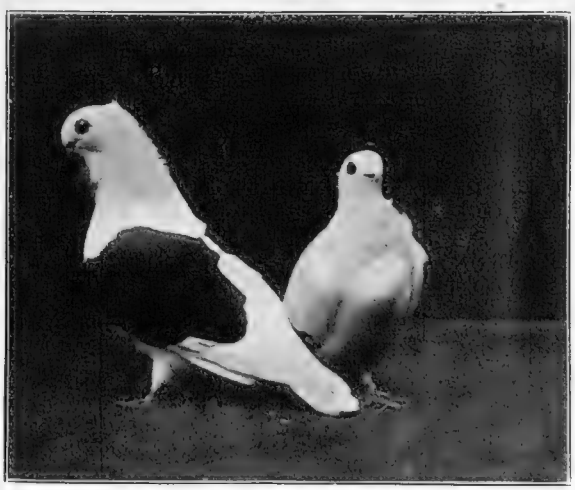
The next photo shows two of the best Jacobins living, the property of Mr. J. Waters, of Belfast. The one in the foreground is a red hen, and the other a yellow of the opposite sex. They win a first and also a Challenge Cup apiece, and are, indeed, typical specimens.

Two prize Jacobins

Belonging to Mr. J. Waters (Belfast), winners of first prize and challenge cup. They are noted for their mass of feathers forming a hood, like the cowl of a Jacobean monk, over their heads

The chief point in the variety is the mass of inverted feathers growing out of the neck, which should form a ruffle and a hood over the back of the head, from which, no doubt, they obtain their name, the hood being somewhat like the cowl of a Jacobean monk. The difficulty is to get this feather properly to lie close and smooth, showing the "mane" at the back and "chain" in front, whilst the thicker and closer the hood, the greater the value of the bird. Mr. Waters told me that he considered this pair of birds worth easily £60.

The last photo is of two of my own birds, a black hen and a silver hen of the variety known as Turbits. The former was successful in winning first in her class, and the latter won the hen championship, or "champion certificate," this being her sixth first prize at a championship Show.



Two Turbits

Belonging to the writer of the article, Mr. Seatliff, and distinguished forttheir short, thick beaks, even profile, and wide head, while the peak at back of head, and frill down breast,. are additional points. These birds won firsts and championship

The prizes in this variety go to the birds possessing the best structural head points, the feather properties being a somewhat minor consideration.

The difficult points to obtain are the short and thick beaks combined with one even curve or sweep of profile in head and beak and a wide head free from bumps or angles. In the photo the black hen is shown to perfection, whilst the markings (which are the same as the saddle-backed fantails before mentioned) leave little to be desired. The peak at the back of the head and the frill down the breast make this variety one of the prettiest in existence.

I fell a prey to the tempting influences of "filthy lucre," and was persuaded to part with these two birds in exchange for something over half a "century." However, as I have plenty more in the background, I hope to be able to put something down next time which will show the way to these two charming ladies.

Taking it altogether, "The 37th Great National Pigeon Show" was well worthy of the name, and long may the annual gathering of the clans continue!

BRIDGE

AN EIGHT WEEKS' COMPETITION WITH WEEKLY PRIZES COMMENCES THIS NUMBER

Prizes:

£7 7s. in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of Marks in the Eight Weekly Competitions.

First Prize (each week): Two Guineas.

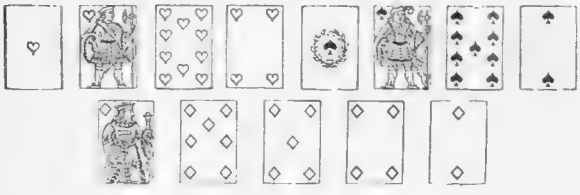
SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES: "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case, value £1 1s.

FIRST WEEKLY COMPETITION

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DEALER, AND WHY?

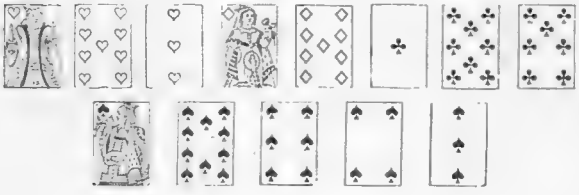
PROBLEM I.

First Game: Love-all.



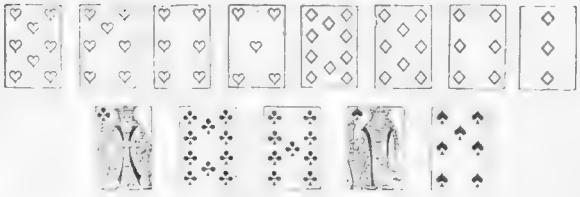
PROBLEM II.

Dealer, Love; Adversaries, Game and 24.



PROBLEM III.

First Game: 22-all.



What You Have to Do

1. Herewith three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem I., if you think the right answer is "Spades," take half a sheet of notepaper and write "Spades." After that, you write your reasons for the declaration.

2. Having written the answers to the three problems—with reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly, *and, in addition*, a *nom de guerre* under which your marks in the Eight Weeks' Competition may be published.

3. Having given your solutions of the week's problems in the method set forth above, then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines at the bottom of the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and pin this token to your solutions. These solutions must reach the office not later than the first post on Wednesday next, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked in the left top corner of the envelope "Competition."

4. Winners of a weekly prize are not eligible for another weekly prize during the Competition, though they are, of course, still eligible for the chief prize.

5. Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes should they win them.

PROBLEMATICUS.

An Interesting Exhibition

An interesting exhibition of reproductions of old embroideries and brocades opened at the rooms of the Home Work Co-operative Society, 76, Regent Street, yesterday (Tuesday), November 21, and will continue several days. This Society, whose President and Vice-President are the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Laurence Harrison, has been formed for providing ladies of reduced means with work at home, and a speciality is made of reviving such old designs and colourings as will give the work a genuine artistic, as well as a charitable, justification. Among the patrons are the Duchess of Norfolk, Evelyn Duchess of Wellington, the Marchioness of Granby, the Earl of Stamford, Lady Barrington, Lady Lindsay, Lady Griffin, Mrs. Edgar Speyer, Lady Lewis.

An Excellent Plum Pudding Recipe

Take ¾ lb. of flour, 2 oz. of Borwick's Gold Medal Baking Powder, 2 oz. of breadcrumbs, 1½ lb. of suet, 2 lb. of raisins, 1 lb. of currants, 10 oz. of sugar, 2 oz. of almonds, 1 lb. of mixed candied peel, salt and spice to taste; mix ingredients well together, and add six eggs, well beaten, and three-quarters of a pint of milk; divide in two, and boil eight hours.

The "Bystander" Bridge Case, value One Guinea, presented each week as second and third prizes

"A Little Ray of Sunshine"

WHICH HAS RECENTLY DARTED FROM THE GAIETY TO THE PRINCE OF WALES'S

Photo by *Foulsham and Banfield*

"She was a form of life and light,
That seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The morning star of memory."

—*Byron.*

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Crowds Round the Cars

Olympia is even more popular than last year. There were crowds there last Saturday; and if everyone who paid their entrance shillings had bought a car, motor makers would soon be millionaires. As ever, the brass-bound petrolic speed-machines exercise a fascination for many whose motoring will never get beyond a pennyworth of motor 'bus. Catalogue collectors are, as usual, to the fore, and perhaps the mathematical gentlemen who in a week or so will give us the proportionate number of horizontal to vertical engines, and calculate in figures the popularity of the four-cylinder engine as compared with its one and two-cylinder brothers, will tell us how many tons of literature is distributed during this Motor Show. Like preceding Shows, Olympia still contains a few hopeless types. The production of any car entails the expenditure of much time and money, and it is really sad to see types which are assuredly doomed to failure. To name them is invidious, besides the law of libel is uncertain; but this I will say, there are still a good few "rotters" in Olympia. That men should experiment is, of course, all for good, but I would advise possible buyers of an unusual type to let others try it first; if you have not much motor knowledge, go for a standard pattern from the works of a well-known firm.

Tried, Proved Design

While the designs of many of our big English firms leave little to be desired, there are still some who cling to out-of-date and inefficient methods of conveying power. They hedge their engine in with complications; they have cumbrous gear-boxes which dissipate engine power. There are still manufacturers that will not see the merit of a direct drive. I could name a dozen makers in the country who are wasting time and money in the production of power-wasting, complicated designs — types of cars which are as surely doomed to disappear before the vertical-engined, direct-drive type as the present type of cycle has conquered its various competitors.

Renault Simplicity and Efficiency

Although they originally determined not to show, the well-known French firm of Renault Frères, at the last moment, altered their mind, and are exhibiting one of their 1906 models. It is a 10-14 h.-p. four-cylinder car. Thorough workmanship and sound design have always distinguished this firm's production, and this small-powered chassis is no exception. I recommend all novices whose ideas on motor construction are vague and nebulous, to go and quietly examine this car. Its extraordinary simplicity appeals. The absence of levers, taps, and complication, is most noticeable. Hardly any length of wiring. No pump to get out of order. An absolutely fool-proof, gear-driven oiler. As there are no gas or ignition levers, all the driver has to do, beside steering and changing speed, is to use the foot accelerator.

Olympia, as viewed from the gallery

The Motor Show started last Friday, and will remain open till the 25th inst. Judging by the crowded condition of the stands and gangways last Saturday the three hundred exhibitors should do good business

In the Gallery

Gamage's show a series of handy maps. They are enclosed in a neat mahogany case, with a glass front, and the route map is on rollers, worked from the outside. Among their many and various exhibits they have also an aggressive siren, which promises to become a distinct nuisance.

Most of us have seen a Pratt's motor spirit tin, but some may not have read the little booklet they are giving away on their stand. Its well-printed pages convey much handy information in a terse way. The beginner should read the two pages headed "Some Do's and Don'ts." I append two examples :—

Do not race your engine without reason, and in going up hill do not try and struggle up on your top—change to your second, it will be much more comfortable for your passengers and car.

Remember that motor spirit vapour is heavier than air, so don't start your engine with exhaust box over the inspection pit where you keep your motor spirit——it isn't worth it.

A Mors landaulette

Messrs. Thrupp and Maberley are responsible for the carriage work. The chassis is by Mors, Ltd. A good combination for town work

An Oil Filter

Numerous oil merchants occupy space in the gallery, and now is the time for the motorist to arrange to buy his oils in bulk and save the enormous hundred per cent. middleman's profit. It matters little whether you deal with Vacuum, Price's, Willcox's, or any other first-rate firm, you will get a good article at a reasonable price. If the motorist only exercises a little common-sense, oil at 5*s.* a gallon should be a thing of the past. If you buy oil in the wooden barrels (the most economical method), an oil filter is not a bad thing to stand in the garage—Willcox's show a sensible pattern on Stand 193.

Tyres

As to tyres, the Michelin, the Continental, and the Dunlop patterns are much the same; but it is noteworthy that the Collier are putting a beaded-edge type on the market. As to non-skids, the Michelin and the Continental models are both sound, workmanlike productions. They may appear to cost more than detachable appliances, but they are much more satisfactory. There are many ill-considered and delusive detachable patterns on the market, of which the novice should beware. On Messrs. Panhard and Levassor's stand in the gallery is a rather neat mechanical tyre inflator, worked from the engine; but, for small cars, at any rate, it appears to me a needless complication.

A brougham for a commercial traveller

The Lacre Company are putting this type on the market. It should prove useful for commercial work of all kinds

Chassis of the four-cylinder Clement car

The New Arrol-Johnston

Although successful in the Tourist Trophy race, the makers of the Arrol-Johnston cars aim more at comfort and steady running than very high speed. Special points in connection with their 24-30 h.-p. should be noticed by visitors to Olympia. No fan, in the usually accepted sense of the word, is fitted behind the radiator, but the blades of the fly-wheel act in this capacity. The cam-shaft, cam-shaft casing, valve-lifters, etc., can be removed in one piece, and a spare set put in without affecting any other part of the engine. The same cam which operates the inlet valves also operates the ignition, thus saving a great number of parts which might give trouble. The top of the gear-box and differential casing can be taken off, and the gear-wheels and shafts removed in a very short time. The universal joints run in an enclosed oil-proof aluminium casing. A spring drive is provided to ease all strains between the engine and road wheels. There are no lubricators or oil pipes on the vehicle, nor yet oil-tanks requiring constant attention; the lubrication throughout the car is entirely automatic. The ignition is fixed while running, but is automatically retarded for starting, so that the driver has nothing to operate but the throttle.

ALFRED C. HUNTER

The 1906 Arrol-Johnston

Their success in the recent Tourist Trophy race brought this Scotch firm prominently before the public

A Church in a Mill

Twenty years ago, when the villagers living on the borders of Reigate Heath had no place of worship nearer than the Parish Church, a service was held in a neighbouring schoolroom, and for six months it was so well attended that the Vicar, the Rev. John Newman Harrison, and other Churchmen, looked around for a suitable building in which the congregation could gather together Sunday by Sunday and regard as their spiritual home. The building of a church was out of question, but there stood on the Heath the remains of an old mill, a picturesque feature in a beautiful bit of landscape.

An inspection showed that, once the rats were got rid of, a comparatively small outlay would furnish and render it fit for public worship, and the mill was opened as the Chapel of the Holy Cross.

The circular brick walls of the chapel are mostly ivy-clad, and as the entrance is reached the vestry is seen on the left.

The mill at Reigate Heath which has been turned into a chapel

The interior of the chapel thoroughly arouses our interest and curiosity. Four buttresses, four feet thick by six in height, serve as rests for two massive beams, which cross each other in the centre and support an upright shaft, cracked with age and strongly bound with iron bands.

The roof slopes down from the vertex of the shaft to the circular wall, and, consequently, the building, though no more than thirty feet in diameter, is of considerable loftiness. The buttresses make four natural alcoves; the entrance door stands in one, and immediately opposite is the altar; the harmonium is placed in a third, and the bell-ringer sits close beside it and rings his bell; the fourth is occupied by the congregation.

The walls are coloured white, with a dado of pink, and wherever a form or chair is placed near them, a piece of cocoa-nut matting is hung to protect the worshippers' clothes.

Above the altar and the doorway are the windows; the light is fairly good, but in the alcoves are glass lanterns filled with candles, and a candelabrum, holding nine lights, hangs in front of the altar. Standing upon the altar itself is a small brass cross, flanked on either side by vases.

All the seats are free, and fifty people can be accommodated. The service, which starts at 3.30, lasts but an hour. There is no pulpit; the preacher stands between the prayer-desk and the lectern. A rental of a shilling a year is paid to the owner, and is, of course, a purely nominal sum.

Photos by *Frith*

The Chapel of the Holy Cross in a mill at Reigate Heath

The Stanley Cycle Show

An Unfortunate Coincidence

That the Twenty-ninth Stanley Show should have coincided with the Motor Show is somewhat unfortunate. Had they been held in adjacent buildings they might have helped one another. Visitors to the one would have looked in at the other. As it is they are, to some extent, in competition. The cycle itself is now standardised, and, in consequence, loses in interest. This sameness in design robs the Stanley Show of much of its charm, but it has practical advantages. To-day, nearly every cycle is a good machine, and its price is most moderate. With the title of "Featherweight," the public demand for lighter machines for road work has been met. Weighing but 25 lb., all on, this type fetches upwards of twelve guineas. There is, perhaps, a slight tendency to higher prices, the eight-guinea machines of last year being, in many instances, priced this season at £8 15*s*. But as these cheap cycles are now better finished, there is a little more value for money. Tyres this season are a trifle more expensive. Instead of the 25*s*. a pair charged last season, the minimum price is now 30*s*., while the amount asked for the first grade is now 40*s*.

Sir Albert Rollit

Who, as M.P. for Islington, opened the Stanley Cycle Show at the Agricultural Hall on Saturday

Motor-Bikes

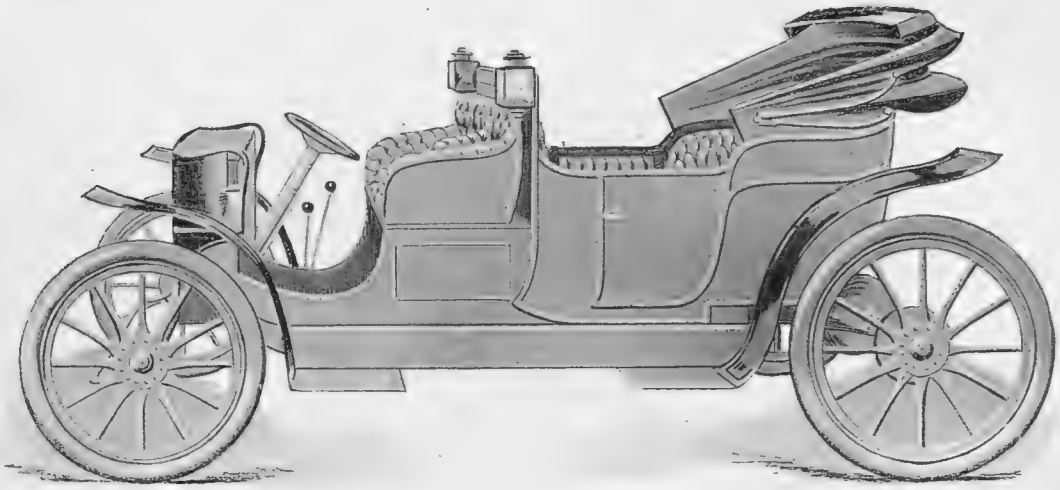
There is a varied selection of motor-cycles, but the number of firms producing them is a lessening quantity. It looks as if the manufacture of these hardly satisfactory machines would pass into the hands of a few special makers. Prices of these uncomfortable conveyances have fallen, and it is now possible to buy a high-grade 3⅜ h.-p. machine for twenty-five guineas. Whether next year will still see a demand for the motor-bike is hard to say; but, at least, it is certain that heavy, high-powered two-wheelers are no good.

A Few Cars as Well

Besides the push-bike and its heavy brother, the motor-bike, there are cars to be seen—but Stars, Humbers, and Darracqs are the principal cars on view. The Stars, unable to find space at Olympia, show no less than eight models—of which, perhaps, the light 7 h.-p. two-cylinder model, priced at £175, is the most interesting from the point of view of the motorist who grows out of the tri-car or motor-bike stage.

Photos by] General view of the Stanley Cycle Show at the Agricultural Hall [*Illustrations Bureau*

THE NEW CAR.
THE SENSATION OF THE SHOW.
THE SMARTEST CAR FOR THE PARK.
THE MOST COMFORTABLE FOR LONG-DISTANCE TRAVELLING.



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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

It is not for lack of interest I have refrained from putting in my small say to the discussion that continues—as I write—to occupy an appreciable portion of the *Daily Telegraph*. As is customary with all such voluminous correspondence, the main issue has been frequently entirely lost, and this is the more regrettable, since Mrs. Alec. Tweedie most emphatically brought to light a very sore spot in the social order of things. Now, as it is altogether out of my province to enter into such big political—or is it, perhaps, municipal I should say—questions, as School Boards *versus* Church School Education, I merely wish to point out that the sweeping away of class dressing, exacted by the spirit that Jane is as good as her mistress, has only resulted in Jane advertising herself, for what she is, more distinctively than ever, and, unhappily, in a far less pleasing aspect than formerly. She is just as distinguishable as ever she was, as of the lower grade of Society, and all the sham pearl necklaces, cart-wheel hats, and paper-soled boots in the world, will not help to conceal the fact. She is just a freak of the age, but the manifest unfairness of dragging in the better-class domestic, who is proverbially well and neatly attired, together with a better-class shop-assistant, capable of giving many a useful hint to the customers she serves, cannot be too strongly condemned.

There are grades in every stratum of Society, and the generalising tone that has marked this particular correspondence appears to me to have frustrated what might have proved an exceedingly useful and far-reaching end. Furthermore, in justice to the "tweeny" maid and domestic service, the fact should not be overlooked that a similar style of freak dressing prevails with a certain lower grade of business girl, notably the ill-paid, inefficient typist, who will always be ill-paid because she is inefficient, having graduated entirely in the wrong school. Saving in a few rare instances, the sooner the School Board product of the girl typist, who is not possessed of the most perfunctory knowledge of what constitutes punctuation, is removed off the face of the earth, the better for all concerned.

A Thing of Beauty

As the saying has it, one can never have too much of a good thing, which is my text, and, if you like, a small apology for again discoursing on evening mantles. It seems only the other day I was appraising the exclusive charms of a persuasive grey chiffon evening wrap at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, charms that are now quite outshone by yet another *récherché* confection, most faithfully portrayed by Miss Peydel Young on page ix. And what woman, gazing at the picture, will not pardon my fickleness, for this latest dream of beauty, commandeered from the great Oxford Street emporium, has surely never been surpassed for classical elegance.

Fashioned of a sumptuous *broché* chiffon velvet, in a rather deep ivory tone, patterned over with a delicate Watteau design of roses in the faintest colourings, the wrap falls in generous folds from a yoke of white lace, the pattern wrought with a fine gold thread, outlined by a broad line of stone marten, the heads of the animals crossed at the back—as is now *de rigueur*. At the side, the velvet is slit up almost to the armholes, to reveal a sort of under-coat of the lace, a suggestion that is further enhanced by the full sleeves of lace. Nor will the observant fail to note the presence of the high Medici collar, becomingly lined with fur, a resuscitated vogue that, receiving the sanction of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, carries a particular significance.

As usual at this time of the year, the firm are making a speciality of the smart, useful wrap coat, the virtues whereof are first recognised by our *élégantes* going South, and just a little later by those of us who need an alternative to our fur wraps. A need that takes the form this season of a three-quarter shapely sacque, slit up at the sides, arranged in a superfine quality navy blue face-cloth, profusely ornamented with a fine black military braid, and relieved by a *soupçon* of tangerine orange velvet at the throat. Quite delightful also for a similar purpose is a navy cloth cape, the fulness from the neck to beyond the shoulders picked up into minute tucks, while the fronts throw back with revers of ivory satin, outlined by a fold of gold tinsel, and beyond that another fold of black satin. But, of a truth, there is no place to equal Marshall and Snelgrove's for mantles, that are supreme in elegance and the best of taste.

Conspicuous Combs

I was never more persuaded of anything than that we should write the dread word "ubiquitous" on the fancy tinsel coiffure adjuncts. Row after row of stalls just now reveal one dead level monotony of mercury wings, brobdingnagian butterflies and dragonflies, in green, blue, silver, and gold tinsel, varied now and again by a tiara arrangement of maidenhair fern. I look in vain for that small feather aigrette, sweeping backwards, which is so smart and Parisian; nor am I entirely satisfied by the appreciation accorded combs.

The decorative possibilities of combs are legion, and it has amiably fallen to my lot to be among the first privileged to inspect some exclusive novelties in horn, put through an entirely new treatment whereby they are induced to take any colour. There are green and mauve combs, quite lovely, in all the latest shapes and styles, although one understands how necessary is artistic judgment in selection. Disposed in autumn-tinted tresses, the green combs, for instance, are lovely, while dark hair carries off to perfection those in a delicate mauve *nuance*.

As a Christmas offering of original flavour, these

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Daintiness Itself . . . .

Huntley and Palmers Breakfast Biscuits

are the latest product in scientific baking. Light, crisp, unsweetened, nutritious and digestive. Welcome as a substitute for toast at breakfast. Delicious at all meals with butter, cheese or preserves. Order some from your grocer to-day

An evening wrap, sketched at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street

combs should prove invaluable, and from the same source comes some of the most exquisite enamel jewellery yet produced. From the point of view of showiness, apart from its accepted artistic value, there has never been anything to equal this exquisite enamel work. A pendant of green and blue enamel, set very discreetly with blister pearls, proclaims itself a Christmas gift of eminently desirable value. It is a desire I am myself prepared to proclaim from the housetop. Or failing that, there are the most enchanting cloak clasps, just a little barbaric in intention, that are simply ideal as the finishing touch to an Empire velvet coat or cloth Redingote.

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET, W.

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Newest shape, full size, three flounces; in Red, Reseda, Cardinal, Prune, Grey, Helio, Brown, Myrtle, Electric, Navy Blue, and Black.

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With three built-up flounces, and sets of tuckings, full size, newest shape; in Red, Reseda, Cardinal, Prune, Grey, Helio, Brown, Myrtle, Electric, Navy Blue, and Black.

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A Woman's Note Book

FRENCH GIRLS FOR ENGLISH SCHOOLS

Within the last twenty years the system of teaching modern languages in girls' schools has undergone a great change. Up to this time I think we hardly took the question seriously. French and German were only important so far as they lent elegance (horrid word) to more solid education, and on leaving school a girl, having picked up a little bad French, was usually expected to scatter it plentifully over her conversation, just to show it was there. Foreign teachers, too, were despised. In boys' schools the French master was a standing object of ridicule, and among girls there was the same dislike, only perhaps it may have had a thin veil of politeness over it.

We have rectified this error of judgment. A Frenchman cannot always *teach* French any more than an untrained but naturally musical person can teach music. Think of ourselves: we are English-speaking people, but could one in twenty of us, even though we speak it grammatically, *teach* our own language? No. To instruct others we must first *learn*. We seem to think the science of language will come to us spontaneously; yet many of us, having scornfully tossed aside our English grammar in youth, are glad enough to take it up afterwards.

The French Government, anxious to provide a thorough English education for girls who are afterwards to be employed in their State schools, and confident that such an arrangement must be beneficial to both parties concerned, have approached our Board of Education with the suggestion that these young women should be received in England in girls' secondary schools. They have already tried the experiment in France of employing for a year young English masters from our schools, and the Ministry of Public Instruction wishes to extend the system by obtaining our admittance for these French girls. While approving the plan in the main, our Board of Education recognises the difficulty I have just instanced—namely, that these young and probably untrained French girls will hardly be fitted to give a thorough scientific instruction of their own language, nor plan the routine of ordinary school work. School French is no longer a vague accomplishment, and it is now considered the height of absurdity and bad taste when a woman employs a few flowing foreign phrases to embellish her language.

At the same time, these young French teachers may be excellent for conversation classes, and regarded in such a capacity, their employment in the schools will probably be of the highest value. There are many things which only a native can teach: accent, manner, expression, and other things. Pupils will also learn freedom and rapidity in speaking from a foreigner and from her alone.

I gather that these French girls will, as a rule (I speak of boarding schools), enter the schools on mutual terms, giving their services and receiving in return: board, lodging, time and assistance in their own studies; the mistress, of course, making it possible for them to take up any subject which they may require for their future career. The idea, surely, is a good one. Freedom from the formality of ordinary class work will induce the pupils to strike up a friendship with the young teacher more advantageous to French conversation than any enforced rules, while from the French girl's point of view, her work among teachers and girls alike should greatly aid her in her later school work.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: FOUR DAINTY ENTRÉES

Stewed Chicken, with Olives
Pigeons en Capôte
Sweetbread Croquettes
Kromeskys of Game

Stewed Chicken, with Olives

Cut a chicken into neat joints, fry them in butter or sweet olive oil in a sauté pan; pour off the oil, and add a finely minced shallot. Cook for a little time and then moisten with rich brown stock or gravy and well-seasoned tomato or brown sauce. Cover the pan and stew gently for about thirty-five minutes. About fifteen minutes before taking up the chicken, add twenty stuffed olives. Dish up on a croûton of fried bread and garnish with crescent-shaped croûtons of puff-paste. Pour the sauce (strained) round the fowl and serve.

Pigeons en Capote

Take the number of pigeons required, clean, truss, and stuff them with a mixture made of the chopped livers, parsley, butter, and a few breadcrumbs. Put them in a stewpan, with two or three slices of bacon, and stew gently for three-quarters of an hour. Thicken the gravy, and add a couple of tablespoonfuls each of mushroom catsup and port wine. Use stock to stew them in.

Sweetbread Croquettes

In whatever way sweetbreads are dressed, they should first be well soaked in lukewarm water and thrown into boiling water to blanch them and make them firm. For the croquettes, take some blanched sweetbreads, trim and cut them into small dice. Mince an equal quantity of mushrooms, and mix both together in some thick white sauce, and put them on a dish to cool. Strew a paste-board with breadcrumbs, divide the forcemeat into the shape of balls, dip them into egg beaten up with oil, salt, and pepper, and roll them in the breadcrumbs. Fry these croquettes in hot fat till they are crisp and of a pale brown colour; drain them on a cloth and sprinkle them with salt, arrange them on a napkin and garnish with fried parsley. Tomato sauce is sometimes served with this dish.

Kromeskys of Game

3 oz. of game, 1 oz. ham or tongue, 1 oz. butter, ½ oz. flour, one egg, one tablespoonful of cream, lemon-juice.

KROMESKY BATTER.—¼ lb. flour, one tablespoonful salad oil, the whites of two eggs, quarter pint tepid water, salt.

Put the flour in a basin, add the salt, make a hole in the centre, and drop in the oil. Beat with a wooden spoon, add the water gradually, stir in the eggs well beaten. Put the meat twice through the sausage machine, season it, and pass through a sieve. Melt the butter, stir in the flour, add the meat; give it a stir over the fire, then remove; add the cream, egg, and lemon-juice. Turn it on to a plate to get cold. Cut some slices of bacon as thin as possible, place on each slice a teaspoonful of the mince, and roll it up neatly. Dip each into the batter, and fry in boiling fat; drain. Kromeskys can also be made with an oyster in each instead of the mince, or any cold fish. EMILIA.

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last year was sold out in record time, though a great quantity was printed. Our Christmas Number this year will exceed our last year's efforts, while the price will remain SIXPENCE, as usual.

Offices: THE GRAPHIC, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, E.C.

The Editor's Box

Miss Violet Lloyd's Reappearance

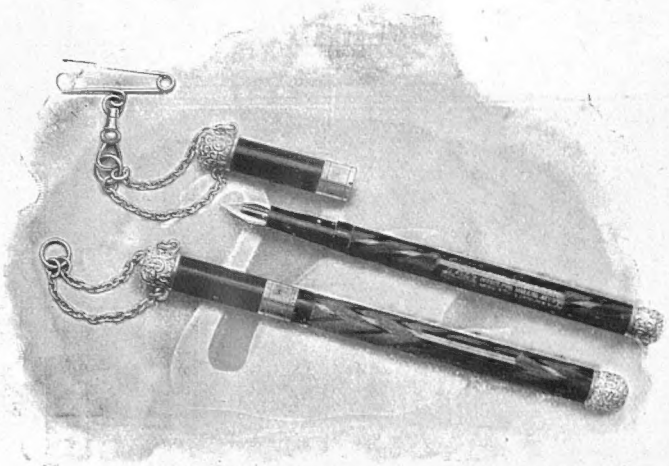
Miss Violet Lloyd, to the delight of her many admirers, made her reappearance on Monday evening, 13th inst., when she joined the cast of *The Blue Moon* to play the part of Millicent Leroy.

Madame Tussaud's Exhibition

Foreigners and visitors from the country, who were not fortunate enough to see Sir Henry Irving during his lifetime, have now the opportunity of viewing a magnificent portrait model of him at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition in the Marylebone Road. Mr. John Tussaud's likenesses are always very accurate, but his latest model is probably the most perfect he has done. It is not the first image of Sir Henry that has appeared at Madame Tussaud's, for in 1884 a very fine likeness of the distinguished actor was modelled from sittings taken prior to Irving's first visit to America. This represented him as Hamlet in a mournfully dark costume, and it stood until quite recently in the Grand Hall on the right-hand side as the public enter the room, and close to the figure of the late Dr. Barnardo. The new image of Sir Henry now occupies the same position, and shows him simply dressed in an ordinary dark grey frock-coat suit, which belonged to the dead actor. He is seated in an easy and natural position in an arm-chair, and the statue looks particularly life-like. It is interesting to note that amongst the figures of other well-known theatrical favourites of Madame Tussaud's are to be seen those of Miss Ellen Terry, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, and the late Mrs. Siddons, William Macready, Charles Kean, and Dan Leno.

The Modern Gallery

The private view was held at the Modern Gallery, 61, New Bond Street, W., on Tuesday, 21st instant, of an exhibition of sculpture by Mrs. Bernard Jenkin (Margaret M. Giles), figure subjects in oil by Miss Mabel Young, a set of decorative fantasies (mostly on old vellum), etc., by Mr. W. J. Neatby, and portraits in oil by Mr. Reginald Waud. The exhibition remains open until Saturday, December 2.



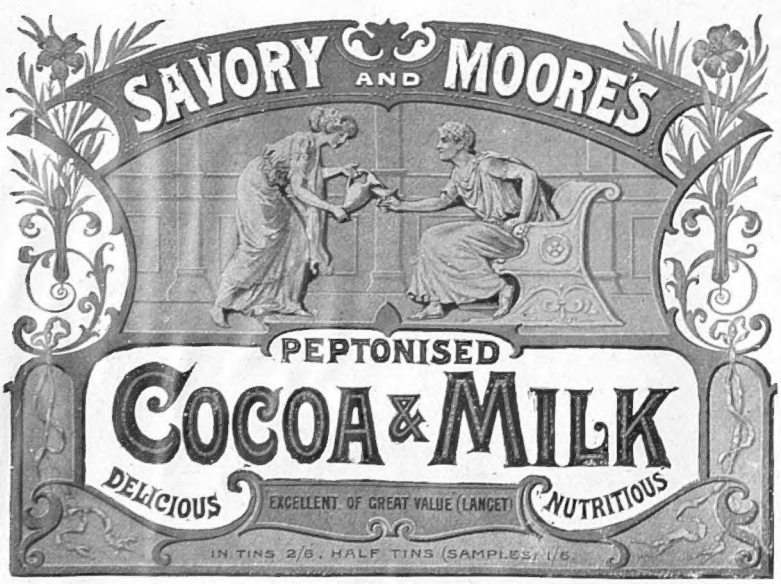
An Ideal Christmas Present: The "Swan" Fountain Pen

The "Chic" Series of Christmas Card Photograph Mounts

The enormous growth of photography, both as a serious pursuit and a recreation for one's spare moments, and the ever-growing popularity of the photographic greeting card, afford strong evidence that the old style of Christmas card will eventually be almost entirely supplanted by the dainty modern card, in which one's own photographs accompany the friendly message and good wishes. The series of mounts which the Kodak Company have prepared offers an ample and most charming selection of greeting cards, of all shapes and sizes, which cannot fail to please the most exacting. Slip-in, paste-on, single, folding, and book-form mounts, as well as calendars, with embossed wording, figure in the illustrated list before us, at prices ranging from 9*d.* to 6*s.* per dozen, and our readers cannot do better than write for this list to Kodak, Ltd., at 57-61, Clerkenwell Road, E.C., who will send it at once post free.

An Ideal Christmas Present

Elegant, useful, practical, and lasting! Those are the qualities all would naturally desire their Christmas presents to possess, but the range of such articles is small. Prominent, however, is the "Swan" Fountain Pen, for it is truly elegant; useful to young and old, for the art of writing, in one form or other, is everyone's daily lot; practical, because so convenient—the pen always the same, and just suiting the hand, its own nib, holder and inkpot combined; lasting, because, with fair usage, it is good for a lifetime, rendered durable by the iridium-tipped gold nib. If we were appealed to by anyone, "I don't know what to get for So and So," we would unhesitatingly say, "Why not a 'Swan' Fountain Pen? You are sure to be safe in choosing that. They range from 10*s.* 6*d.* to £20, according to your fancy for mounting, and the makers guarantee to suit your friend. At least, write for an illustrated catalogue." Address: Mabie, Todd and Bard, 79-80, High Holborn, W.C.; 93, Cheapside, E.C.; 95A, Regent Street, W.; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; or your stationer or jeweller.



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